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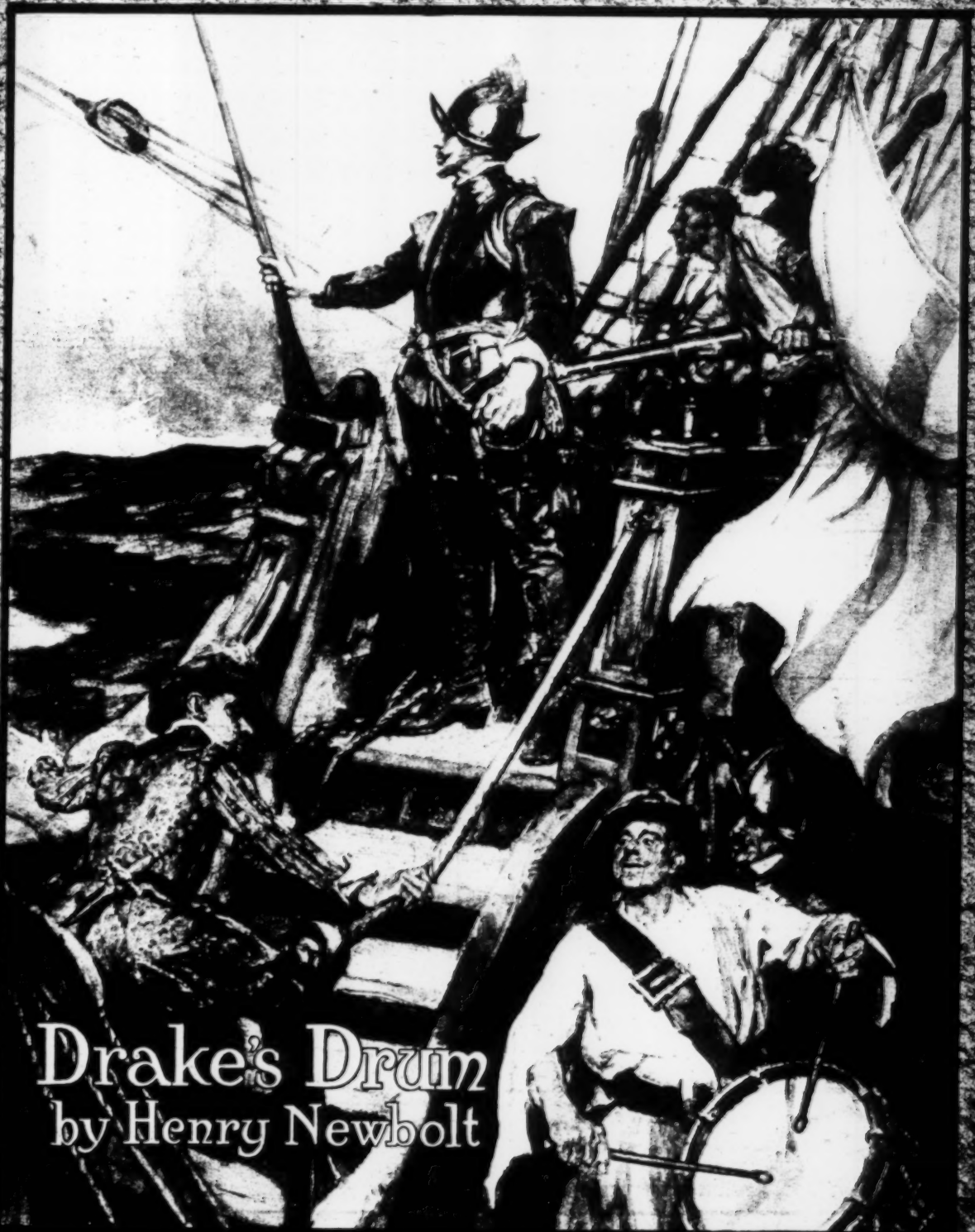

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The picture on our cover is from one of Mr. A. D. McCormick's colour illustrations to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's new edition of Mr. Henry Newbolt's "Drake's Drum, and other Songs of the Sea."

Mr. Newbolt's first book of poems, "Admirals All," was published by Mr. Elkin Mathews in 1897; but "Admirals All" made its earliest appearance in print in *Longman's Magazine* for August, 1894, and Messrs. Longmans are now publishing his delightful "Book of the Blue Sea," as the successor this Christmas of the "Fairy Book" series edited by Andrew Lang and issued annually for the last twenty-five years.

Messrs. Jarrold & Sons, jointly with Messrs. Allen & Unwin, are publishing a biography of Treitschke and a selection from his writings in a single large volume to be called "Treitschke: His Life and Works." It is an announcement of special interest at present, for Treitschke was a sort of forerunner of the amazing Bernhardi.

Too late for inclusion in our War Book Supplement come nine more books on the Great War:

Nash's "War Manual," a comprehensive, expert survey of the events that led up to war; a study of Germany's motives; of the Balkan situation; the armies and navies of Europe; Europe's food supply, and the other hundred and one matters that such a war as this involves. 2s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"The French Army from Within." By Ex-Trooper. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The British Army from Within." By One Who Has Served in it. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"War Songs of Britain." Compiled by Gordon S. Maxwell. 1s. net. (James Brodie.)

"Liberty," a statement of the British case. By Arnold Bennett. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

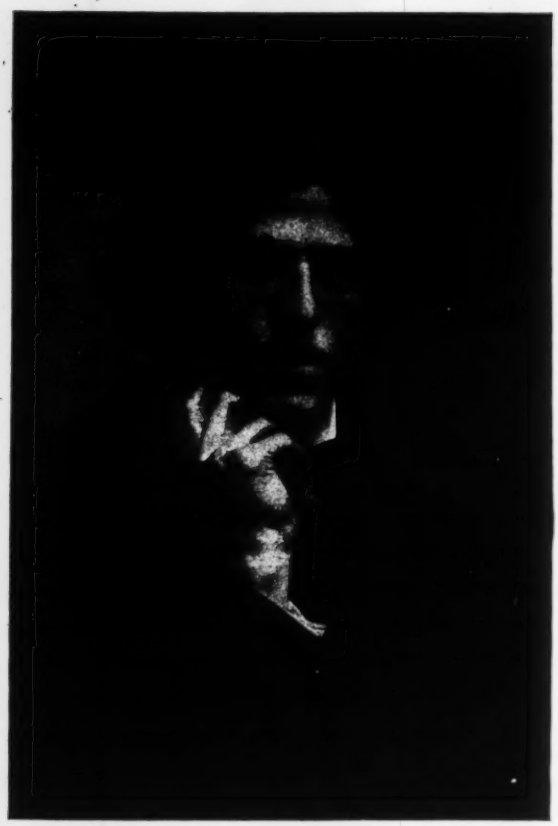
Selections from Treitschke's "Lectures on Politics." 2s. net. (Gowans & Gray.)

"France and the Next War." By Commandant J. Colin, of the French War School—a popular edition of "The Transformation of War." 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Our Russian Ally." By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace. 2d. (Macmillan.)

"The War on German Trade"—a collection in revised form of the articles on this subject which originally appeared in the *Evening News*. 1s. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. William Lawrence Chittenden,
a fourteenth edition of whose volume, "Ranch Verses," has just been published by Messrs. Putnams.



Mr. Charles Wade,
the well-known artist, who has illustrated Miss Mary Stratton's "Bruges: A Record and an Impression" (Batsford), a charming book about the beautiful Belgian city that is now in the hands of the Germans.

Mr. Harold Ashton, of the *Daily News*, the first War Correspondent to return from the field of war, has written an account of his experiences which Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson are publishing under the title of "First from the Front."

"What of To-Day?" a new book by Father Bernard Vaughan dealing with some of the great questions of the hour, will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell. Father Vaughan, who was born sixty-seven years ago, is a son of the late Colonel Vaughan, of Courtfield, and brother of the late Cardinal. For eighteen years he took an active and conspicuous part in the religious and civic life of Manchester; then, fourteen years back, he took up his position at the now famous Farm Street Chapel, and

Photo by Sarony. **Father Bernard Vaughan,**
whose new book, "What of To-Day?" Messrs. Cassell are publishing this month.

soon made his presence felt by his fearless denunciations of the low and flashy ethical standards that prevailed in public life, and by his energetic and beneficent work among the poor of Westminster and the East End. His widely discussed series of outspoken sermons, "The Sins of Society," obtained an enormous vogue, and one may be sure of finding him equally fearless and stimulating in the counsel and opinions he expresses in "What of To-Day?"

Mr. Percy Westerman, the well-known writer for boys, made a happy choice when, in the early part of this year, he sat down to write a book about Heligoland. He called it "The Sea-Girt Fortress," and Messrs. Blackie & Sons are publishing it. His

Mr Gilbert Thomas,
whose new book of poems, "The Voice of Peace" (Chapman & Hall) is reviewed in this Number.

heroes, a young English Naval Lieutenant and his American friend, are arrested as spies and clapped into that island fortress. They play their adventurous rôles in a *mise-en-scene* of insolent German officers longing for "The Day," terrific fortifications, twenty-inch disappearing guns, mined waters, fleets of Zeppelins and their hangars, steel work, cement work, and wire work. And the climax is war with Germany! The book comes in the nick of time to show what a tremendous weapon of offence and defence the Germans have made of this grim island in the North Sea.

Two more new war anthologies are "Marching Songs," giving music as well as words of about fifty songs with good marching tunes, which Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing; and "The Battle and Breeze Reciter," a collection of naval and military ballads and poems suitable for recitation, compiled by Mr. Alfred H. Miles and to be published by Messrs. Max Goschen.

Mr. Horace Wyndham,
author of "Reginald Auberon," "The Call of the Drum," and other successful novels, who has been appointed Captain in the Intelligence Department and is shortly leaving England for the Front.

Messrs. Williams & Norgate are publishing immediately "Echoes from the Fleet," by Mr. L. Cope Cornford, a collection of stories inspired by the spirit of the Navy, together with sketches done from life. Lord Charles Beresford has written a preface for the volume.

"Land Marks," a new novel by Mr. E. V. Lucas, has just been published by Messrs. Methuen.

Miss Gertrude Ford is editing a series of Georgian bibelots which Mr. Erskine Macdonald will publish. Each volume in the series is to consist of a selection of the verse of one of the younger poets of the day.

Photo by Miss Compton Collier.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs,
whose new book of stories, "Night Watches," is reviewed on another page.

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, whose two new books, "Thoroughfares" and "Borderlands" (Elkin Matthews) we review on another page, is recognised as one of the truest and most original of our younger poets, but that recognition had no sudden or sensational growth. He published his first book, "Urlyn the Harper," as far back as 1902, and, without making much noise in the process, it went immediately into a second edition. For the most part, it was made up of conventionally romantic verse, but it also contained a little series of poems about the peasants of La Beaux in a more individual vein, the development of which has led to the production of his later, more characteristic work. "Urlyn the Harper" was followed by several other volumes of romantic verse: "The Queen's Vigil"

(1902); "The Golden Helm" (1903); "Nets of Love" (1905); but in "The Stonefolds" (1907) and "On the Threshold" (1907) Mr. Gibson broke away altogether from the tradition of literary romanticism, and "Daily Bread" (1910) and "Fires" (1912) develop his characteristic vein of realism fully and effectively. "Daily Bread" was the first of his books to be published in America, where it had a very considerable success. Now all his work appears simultaneously there and in this country. Arrangements are being made for him to go through the States on a reading tour, and he will probably undertake this engagement next year.

Photo by S. Ward. **Mr. W. L. George,**
whose new novel "The Second Blooming," is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

His Majesty the King is the Sovereign head and patron of the Order, and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught its Grand Prior. The membership throughout the empire amounts to about 400, and including Mrs. Murphy there are not more than half a dozen Ladies of Grace of the Order in the Dominion of Canada.

A new novel by Mr. J. S. Fletcher, "The Wolves and the Lamb," is just published by Messrs. Ward, Lock.

We regret that we omitted to mention that the new portrait of Mr. Thomas Hardy which we published last month, was taken by Mr. E. O. Hoppé.

"Duke Jones," a new novel by Miss Ethel Sidgwick, will be published shortly by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson.

The work of Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck), the popular Canadian author, whose newest book, "Seeds of Pine" we reviewed last month, has been recognised by a bestowal on her of the decoration of a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

A "Life of Sir John Jellicoe," by Mr. Harold F. B. Wheeler, has just been published by the Aldine Publishing Co.

"The Real Kaiser," a very remarkable character study by an anonymous writer, is published by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

The BOOKMAN half-yearly index—April to September—will be included in our December Number.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

November 1st to December 1st, 1914.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

CHURCHWARD, DR. ALBERT.—Arcana of Freemasonry. 7s. 6d. net.
DU FAUR, F.—Ascent of Mount Cook. 16s.
DUNNING, W. A., Ph.D., LL.D.—The British Empire and the U.S. 8s. 6d. net.
HARRISON, AUSTIN.—The Kaiser's War. 2s. 6d. and 2s. net.
LEADBITTER, ERIC.—Rain before Seven. 6s.
LORING, J. ALDEN.—African Adventure Stories. 6s. net.
PRICE, M. P., M.A.—The Diplomatic History of the War. 7s. 6d. net.
Treitschke: His Life and Works. (In conjunction with Jarrold & Sons.) 7s. 6d. net.
VARISCO, PROF. BERNARDINO.—Know Thyself. 10s. 6d. net.
WEEKS, KENNETH.—Science Sentiments Senses. (Essays on Scientific Social Studies.) 5s. net.
WIDDICOMBE, CANON.—Memories and Musings. 12s. 6d. net.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

BARR, AMELIA E.—Playing With Fire. 6s.

Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd.

How to Say it in French. With Guide to Pronunciation. 6d. net.
KELLY, WILLIAM PATRICK.—The House at Norwood. 6s.
MAGNUS, LAURIE, M.A.—The Third Great War in Relation to Modern History. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

COX, REV. J. C., LL.D., F.S.A.—The English Parish Church: An Account of the Chief Types of Buildings produced in England during Nine Centuries. Over 350 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
LENYGON, F.—Decoration in England, from 1660 to 1770. 300 pages, with over 350 Illustrations. £2 net.
LENYGON, F.—Furniture in England, from 1660 to 1760. 300 pages with over 400 Illustrations. £2 net.
THOMSON, W. G.—Tapestry Weaving in England, from the Earliest Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century. 180 pages with 57 Illustrations. £1 10s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

COOK, STANLEY A.—The Study of Religions. 7s. 6d. net.
KENDALL, REV. J. F.—A Short History of the Church of England. 2s. 6d. net.
KOEBEL, W. H.—Argentina: Past and Present. 20s. net.
TODD, PROF. JOHN A.—The World's Cotton Crops. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons.

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THE READER.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

By George Sampson.

FOR a nation incurably romantic and sentimental, we English are at times quite strangely literal. We want the fact as well as the metaphor; we ask for stones when we have the bread, and are urgent for the bottle when the wine is poured out before us. The time gives this proof. Among our heroes is the almost mythological Francis Drake, whom we love because he combined, in the happy English manner, piety and piracy. The drum of Drake beat a prelude to some of the most glorious deeds of a glorious age, and when the great captain dropped to his last anchorage beneath the waters of the Spanish Main, belief in the endurance of the English sea-dog spirit embodied itself in the legend that Drake, like many another mighty leader, had passed but had not died, and only awaited the sound of his drum, in England's hour of need, to rush from his berth and scatter the enemy as in the days of Gloriana. To-day that drum hangs bodily and visibly in Buckland Abbey, a priceless relic; but will it be believed that some unhappy literalist has actually written to the papers suggesting that, in this time of danger, Drake's drum should be beaten round the country to encourage recruiting? It is hard to believe that the same country can have produced both the legend and the literalist. Not all the drums in Kneller Hall could do us good if we needed such an anti-climax by way of stimulus. Drake's drum is an inspiriting metaphor, but (by this time) a rather feeble fact. Its beat is to be heard in the heart, not in the ears. And there is no need to ask for it. It is scarcely ever silent. Its summons to the spirit of the race can be heard in the call of need or the whisper of danger, in the stories of great struggles or the songs of old heroes. Drake's drum beats very vigorously in "Drake's Drum."

I.

There is an air of the unexpected about Mr. Newbolt's work. No one could have predicted "Admirals All" and "The Fighting Téméraire" from the author's previous record. His first known work was a little adventure in fiction published in 1892—the story of an attempt to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena by means of a submarine boat. In this there is at least a hint of action and dangerous business on the waters, with something of a fine climax in the dramatic announcement of the Emperor's death just when the plot is at its thickest; but though Mr. Newbolt has found it necessary to reissue the volume, I am bound to say that I find it a little inclined to fall between two stools: the love interest is too thick for a boy's book and the substantive interest too thin for a man's. Remember that in 1892 Robert Louis Stevenson (with Britannia) ruled the waves, and the main features of "Taken from the Enemy" are accounted for. At any rate, the book was duly sent out to Samoa, and got kindly spoken of.

History tells us nothing more of Mr. Newbolt till 1895, when he offered the callous world a tragedy in five acts and in blank verse on the subject of Mordred. This was to be looked for. "*Così fan tutte*," as Mozart said musically in the eighteenth century; "Everybody's doing it," as we say (with syncopation) in the twentieth. Whoever we are that itch at the sight of a pen, whether we sink ultimately to the depths of mere reviewing, or rise to three addresses and a first impression of five hundred thousand, we must all disgorge the blank verse tragedy that chokes our preliminary utterance. We are none of us guiltless. Even I—but 'tis no matter. Mr. Newbolt's tragedy is a level, equable production, a drama without passion, a tragedy without intensity. I have read it, but I have never met anyone else who has, so perhaps a quotation may be welcome. This is from the last conversation of Arthur with Sir Bedivere, and, since we are out to find any trace of originality, let us observe that in all the scene there is nothing samitic, mystic or wonderful, nothing about Excalibur or the Lady of the Lake:

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Henry Newbolt.**

"Look forward, forward,
And let the past, with Arthur and his sins,
Fade on the dim horizon far behind!
Yet, even so, meseems I shall not die;

My purpose lives, my will, that which hath been
The life-blood of my spirit, my soul's breath—
What shall a man not suffer and not dare
That this may be? . . .
. . . Though my name be lost
For ever, and my race with me to-night
Fall into dust, that which I willed remains,
And while that lives I shall not wholly die."

We might call this, if we were very imaginative, a faint adumbration of "Drake's Drum." The play has a becoming dedication to Mr. Swinburne; but no Swinburnian influence is discernible. That tempestuous lyrist would scarcely have written, "And while that lives I shall not wholly die."

II.

So far, no hint of Tyrtæus; and when he did come, the new Tyrtæus, like the old, was something of a surprise. No one had expected him to come out of Vigo Street. The name of Mr. Elkin Mathews is indelibly written in the history of later English poetry. He has been the impresario of many bards, major and minor, and he has actively educated the public into buying verse by coaxing shillings from them when crowns would have been denied. Books are many, readers, perhaps, less many. In the stress of competition, the new poet at five shillings net is apt to be passed by; but our mere sporting instinct rises to the chance of putting a bob on an outsider. So Mr. Elkin Mathews has often dealt cunningly and wisely in shillingsworths; and in the midway of the sad, bad nineties, began to issue a "Garland" at that easy price—slim paper booklets, the verse, too, rather slender and anæmic, as the fashion then was. Vigo Street, for instance, did not like Mr. Kipling; it preferred "Aucassin and Nicolete," and had shuddered out its disapproval of military bards in a volume of pretty-prettiness issued from the house of Mr. Elkin Mathews' neighbour. All the more surprising was it, then, that Number VIII. of the shilling "Garland" was the salt and racy "Admirals All and Other Verses, by Henry Newbolt." Tyrtæus had arisen in the realm of bibelots. Among the minor poets there appeared something rather like a major prophet.

That booklet of 1897 is a sort of microcosm of Mr. Newbolt. It represents all he has done since. It contains, for instance, "Admirals All" and "Vitaï Lampada"; in other words, it has the Nelson touch and the Public School note, both of which Mr. Newbolt has made his own in verse. He has, indeed, combined them; and in that union lies the difference between him and Mr. Kipling, comparison with whom is odious but inevitable. Somehow you feel that Mr. Kipling could not write a perfect poem on Nelson and that Mr. Newbolt could. To Mr. Newbolt battle is a kind of sacrament; to Mr. Kipling it is a kind of beanfeast. The one extols the spirit, the other exalts the machine. You will search Mr. Newbolt's verse in vain for the note of boastfulness or glory in victory for its own sake; but in Mr. Kipling's Imperial purple there is more than a full proportion of Prussian blue. I am not attempting to deny that Mr. Kipling is much the bigger man of the two, with an incomparably wider range; I am merely indicating a difference in tendency. That difference is indicated even in the personal appearance of the two poets. Mr. Kipling with his stalky visage looks capable of anything, even of his political speeches; but Mr. Newbolt looks like a barrister suffering lifelong regret because he did not enter the Church; and though this mitigated asceticism hardly suggests the vigour of "Drake's Drum" and "The Gay Gordons," it certainly indicates the main idea of all Mr. Newbolt's work, the idea that life is a spiritual combat, and that actual battle is merely one of the modes of the eternal conflict. Hence it is that Mr. Newbolt can sing of defeat more nobly than others can chant of victory. The chief stanza of his best school poem is the message of all his work:

"To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth—
My son, the oath is yours. . . ."

To such a view, school is the novitiate of a knighthood, and life the fulfilment of its vows.

III.

Mr. Newbolt has translated his school poems into the prose of "The Twymans," his latest novel, but not, I think, with entire success. The verses will influence thousands whom the more lengthy and rather self-conscious exposition of the Clifton and Oxford ideal will leave untouched. Thus, no boy will enjoy "The Twymans" as he enjoys "Tom Brown's School Days," and "Tom Brown at Oxford," though the comparison, I admit, is rather unfair, as "The Twymans" is not meant primarily to be a boy's book. But certainly no one of an age to like its school and college chapters will be moved by that story as he is by "Clifton Chapel," "Commemoration" and "The Best School of All." Mr. Newbolt's verses are the finest influence that schoolboys have had for many a year. I do not credit the author with any democratic breadth of view. I fancy he still regards mankind in general from the angle of Clifton; but mankind in general takes a larger view of him, and he will doubtless be surprised to learn that boys of the kind that Clifton would call "cads" so far fall under the spell of his verse that parents have been known to complain (but not unkindly) of the excessive devotion to school—the despised bedrubbed elementary school—fostered in their sons under the influence of his poems.

There is, I fancy, some autobiography in "The Twymans," a supposition that may bespeak the admirer's most kindly interest; but neither that book, nor the three other stories to Mr. Newbolt's credit, will persuade the general public that prose fiction is the right vehicle for his best qualities. His novels are too thin. There is not enough "stuff" in them. There is not even much "go" in them. You have only to think of young Twyman and young Clayhanger together to become conscious of the difference between the compelling art of a master and the engaging, creditable effort of an amateur. In a story by a born novelist you feel yourself right among the people and incidents he describes, continuously interested in them, and aware, somehow, of their doings even when they are out of sight; but in such "literary" novels as these of Mr. Newbolt, you seem

to be out of the press and jostle of life, to be remote from the centre, and to catch momentary, unrelated glimpses of extremely proper people through a very elegant and carefully adjusted field-glass. Still, such novels have their interest, and I hope they will continue to be written; only we must not mistake them either for the real thing or for the writer's proper employment. Mr. Newbolt has his own sphere—which is not the writing of novels. He could no more write "Clayhanger" than Mr. Arnold Bennett could write "Clifton Chapel."

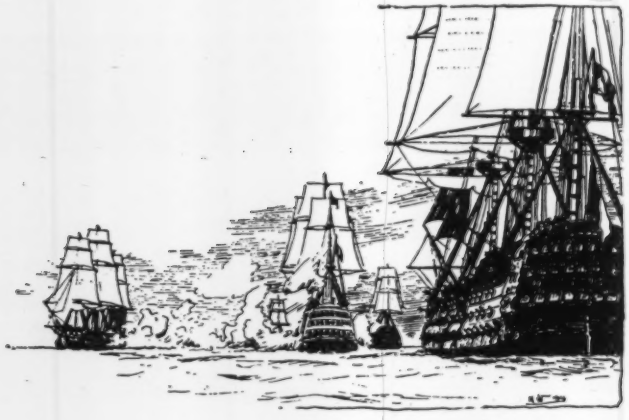
The tales have, however, one quality in common with the poems. Let me call it a sort of Essential Cleanness. Someone in a French hospital has been struck by the insistence with which those dear lads of ours, badly wounded in the trenches of the Aisne and the Marne, ask for both a chaplain and a barber. To get right with God (as the older pietists used to say) and to be decent in body as well, to get ready for his last master as for his first parade, that is the Englishman's instinct when he is at his best; and this cleanness of soul, which is a kind of natural healthiness, together with

The Death of Admiral Blake.

Drawn by A. D. McCormick, R.I.

"For the great heart faltered on the threshold,
And darkness took the land his soul desired."

From "Drake's Drum and Other Songs of the Sea," by Henry Newbolt. With illustrations in colour by D. McCormick, R.I.



"She had to run the gauntlet of the whole of the enemy's van."

From "The Book of the Blue Sea," by Henry Newbolt (Longmans).

the cleanness of body, which is a kind of natural religion, though of course nowhere crudely prescribed, is a sort of general inference from all that Mr. Newbolt writes. Let us be thankful. It is good for a clean nation to have clean singers.

IV.

Mr. Newbolt's activities extend to criticism, and we shall welcome the day when he publishes his collected papers; for a poet's view of poetry is always of singular interest. Still, we have to admit that in criticism, as in fiction, Mr. Newbolt is not quite himself. There is something withheld. In his verse he speaks out, and we take him to our hearts; in his prose he is a little frigid and aloof, and we are slightly chilled. Even criticism may have its gaieties and endearments. Upon one topic he speaks with unusual warmth—the belittling of poets because they happen to be alive; though his brightest utterance under this head is to be found, not in prose, but in verse, and in verse of a rather unusual kind for him. The estimable Sir Edward Clarke, with the privilege of years and the cocksureness of a King's Counsel, once addressed an audience to the effect that literature ceased abruptly during the great days of Queen Victoria, and that later writers were entirely negligible. He added the usual kind of remarks upon Tennyson, Browning and Carlyle. Mr. Newbolt thus shortly and wittily sums up his forensic eloquence:

"Prisoners, attend! of Queen Victoria's day
I am the Glory, you are the Decay.
You cannot write like Tennyson deceased,
You do not sing like Browning in the least.
Of Tennyson I sanction every word,
Browning I cut to something like one-third:
Though, mind you this, immoral he is not,
Still, quite two-thirds I hope will be forgot.
He was to poetry a Tom Carlyle—
And that reminds me, Thomas, too, was vile."

With proper scorn Mr. Newbolt proceeds:

"To be alive—ay! there's the damning thing,
For who will buy a bird that's on the wing?
Catch, kill and stuff the creature once for all,
And he may yet adorn Sir Edward's hall;
But while he's free to go his own wild way,
He's not so safe as birds of yesterday."

From which it will be seen that Mr. Newbolt handles his couplets like a born fighter. He turns them against another kind of sinner—the Jingo poet who apes the crudity of the party journalist:

"So comes the Pressman's heaven on earth, wherein
One touch of hatred proves the whole world kin—
'Our rulers are the best, and theirs the worst,
Our cause is always just, and theirs accurst,
Our troops are heroes, hirelings theirs, or slaves,
Our diplomats are children, theirs are knaves,
Our Press for independence justly prized,
Theirs bought or blind, inspired or subsidised.
For the world's progress, what was ever made
Like to our tongue, our Empire and our Trade?'"

The lines are capable of immediate application. Once, he tells us, the newspaper bard was content with his modest "Poet's Corner"; now he rushes into the pages of controversy:

"He in the forum now his art employs,
And what he lacks in knowledge gives in noise.
At first, ere he began to feel his feet,
He begged a corner in the hindmost sheet,
Concealed with Answers and Acrostics lay,
And held aloof from Questions of the Day.
But now, grown bold, he dashes to the front,
Among the leaders bears the battle's brunt,
Takes steel in hand, and cheaply unafraid,
Spurs a lame Pegasus on Jameson's Raid,
Or pipes the fleet in melodrama's tones,
To ram the Damned on their Infernal Thrones."

The allusions need no explanation. These quotations, I fear, are somewhat out of proportion, as they represent an unexpected and perhaps rather irrelevant phase of Mr. Newbolt's work. But that, really, is our justification. The heroic Newbolt is well known, the satiric scarcely known at all. It is well to remember that our Tyrtæus is also something of a Juvenal.

Such passages, too, have more than their immediate humorous interest. They are part of a serious creed. They justify us, out of Mr. Newbolt's own utterance, in the view we have taken of his abstinences and repudiations. Nothing exceeds like success and nothing succeeds like excess. To win is hard, to win nobly harder still. When success finds its feet it sometimes loses its head, and the more blatant bards can always command the applause of the gallery by playing to the coarser acquisitive appetites. From any trace of this Mr. Newbolt is wholly free. The England of his verse is often a successful England, but never a vulgar England. In his view, better an honest failure than a tainted triumph. This is the prevailing spirit:

"England! where the sacred flame
Burns before the inmost shrine,
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine,
Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right.

. . . . . .

Hast thou counted up the cost,
What to foeman, what to friend?
Glory sought is Honour lost,
How should this be Knighthood's end?
Know'st thou what is Hatred's need?
What the surest gain of Greed?
England! wilt thou dare to-night
Pray that God defend the Right?

. . . . . .

So shalt thou when morning comes
Rise to conquer or to fall,
Joyful hear the rolling drums,
Joyful hear the trumpets call.
Then let Memory tell thy heart:
'England! what thou wert, thou art!'
Gird thee with thine ancient might,
Forth! and God defend the right!"

Let us take leave of him upon that note. In this time of national trial by fire we might do worse than make these noble words our prayer. Mr. Newbolt tells us elsewhere that the pulpit and the stage are apt to dwell overmuch on the rare crises and strong situations in human existence, so that we come to imagine life to be louder than it is. Some of our poets have certainly associated Empire with loudness, not to say rowdiness. But to think imperially is not to think in election posters, and Mr. Newbolt does not mar his Imperial message with party catchwords. He has written much of which every Englishman may be proud—so have others; but mark the difference: he has written nothing of which the countrymen of Sidney, Nelson and Gordon need be ashamed.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.
NOVEMBER, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best acrostic on the name of any British admiral or general engaged in the present War.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Mr. Ivan Adair, of 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin, for the following:

IN WAR.

Oh, Christ, Whose word in Galilee,
Drew silence o'er an angry sea
And turned the tempest's rage aside
Till every wave was pacified,
Now hear again the anguished cry
"Have pity, Master, lest we die."

Oh, Christ, Who in compassion wept
Because a brother lay and slept,
And yet Who opened Death's dark door
And set it thus, for evermore,
Again with many mourners weep,
For those beloved who lie and sleep.

Oh, Christ, Whose word abideth yet,
Forgive us, if our hearts forget
That life and death and sea and land
Are held within Thy saving Hand,
And that the storm of human will
Must die before Thy "Peace! be still."

IVAN ADAIR.

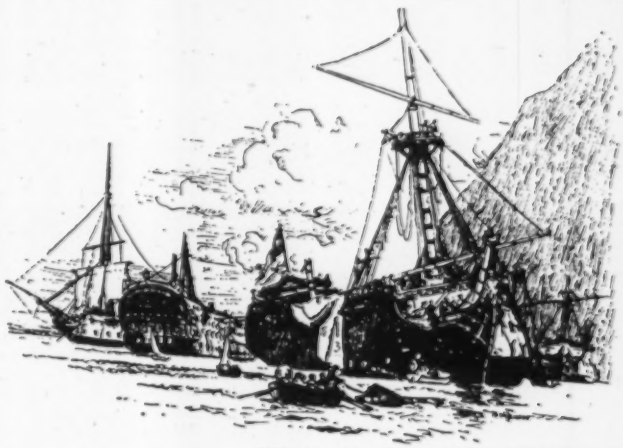
We also select for printing:

SONG OF THE ZEPPELIN.

The night-wind is humming,
My engines are thrumming,
Swift as a spark
Through the night and the dark
I am silently speeding;
Hovering grim and grey
Over my human prey,
Sowing the seeds of dearth
Over the stricken earth,
Where nations lie bleeding.
Ship without sails am I,
Bird without wings am I,
Lord of the gales am I,
Terror of Kings am I,—
I am the Zeppelin!

The cities are sleeping,
Their searchlights are sweeping,
Into the skies
I advance, I arise,
Where the distance grows vaster;
See where the sky grows red,
Lit by the bombs I shed—
Stealthy and swift,
I fling them my gift,
Death and disaster!
Mark well the flight of me,
Ships! Have a care of me!
Shrink at the sight of me!
Cities! Beware of me!
I am the Zeppelin!

(Violet D. Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)



"There lay four ships of the line"

From "The Book of the Blue Sea," by Henry Newbolt (Longmans).

OLD WOMEN.

Their eyes are filled with tears that will not fall,
  Through which they see the things that are not there,
As every day beneath the sun-bathed wall
  They sit with folded hands and heedless air.

It is not theirs to note the passing throng,
  Nor theirs to wonder at the cloudless sky:
Their ears are deaf to every lovely song,
  Their eyes are blind to every passer-by.

Only their bodies linger here—away
  Down the dim avenues of vanished years
Their minds are ever wandering—at play
  With old-time memories of hopes and fears.

So will they sit until the glad day close:
  Until the shadows fall—the daylight wane,
Then will they totter in to their repose,
  Nor know—nor care—if they shall wake again.

(Norman Boothroyd, Holmleigh, Batley.)

We have not space for the complete list of those to whom honourable mention is awarded, but we specially commend the lyrics sent in by A. E. Davison (Hampstead), Hilda K. Taylor (Chepstow), Edith Ruttar-Leatham (Durham), E. D. Bangay (Chesham), Eva McDonough (Streatham Common), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), May Walpole-Smith (Luton), B. Stewart Nicholson (Cupar, Fife), J. H. Browning (Watford), Leslie D. Cockerill (Forest Gate), A. G. St. Fillan (Edinburgh), Harry Eyden (St. Helen's), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Wilfrid J. Halliday (Pudsey), Marjorie Crosbie (Herne), A. M. Gill (Weston-super-Mare), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Ina S. Dabbs (Manchester), Mrs. Douglas Blair (Gisborne, N.Z.), G. Chester (Penarth), C. E. Ransom (Torquay), F. J. Popham (Garstown), R. J. Barker (Birmingham), Charles Pitt (Washington, U.S.A.), S. S. (Bournemouth), R. C. Booker (Buxton), Miss G. M. Northcott (Colwyn Bay), S. V. Oddie (Luton), Frances Boxfield (Audley), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), James S. Bailey (Earl's Barton), Arthur Powell (Stratford, U.S.A.), J. Carruthers Smith (Edinburgh), Mandeville Thorpe (Banbury), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Agnes Fox (Sevenoaks), Roslyn (Auckland, N.Z.), Mrs. H. M. Carrod (Wembley), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Dorothy Plimpton (Munster Park, S.W.), M. A. Newman (Brighton), T. A. King (Birmingham), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), A. Ellerton (London, W.C.), Mrs. John Archibald Morison (St. John, Canada), John B. Martin (Hull), David Moore (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Mary C. Jobson, of Wingrove, Corbridge-on-Tyne, for the following:

THE SUPREME DUTY OF THE CITIZEN IN THE PRESENT CRISIS. By LORD ROBERTS.

"Beware of the Rhine and take care of the Rhino."

Ingoldsby Legends—(A Legend of Germany.)

We also select for printing:

IN THE FIRING LINE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"'Our skins,' said he, 'are black, ye see,
Because we carry coal.'"

T. HOOD, *The Demon Ship*.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

HOW GERMANY MAKES WAR.

By GENERAL F. VON BERNHARDI. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Never mind the 'Why' and 'Wherefore.'"

W. S. GILBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

(J. Richard Ellaway, Lynmoor, Basingstoke.)

AUNT JANE AND UNCLE JAMES.
By DOROTHEA CONYERS.

"Still amorous and fond and billing
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling."

SAMUEL BUTLER, *Hudibras*.

(Eileen Brock, Clairvaux, Rondebosch, Cape Colony, S. Africa.)

THE ENCOUNTER. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. (Edward Arnold.)

"The muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

LEWIS CARROLL.

(Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington Road, Brighton.)

WHAT A WOMAN WANTS. By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY. (Heinemann.)

"Let me not burst in ignorance!"

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act i. 4.

(Miss H. M. Barrow, 77, Thurleigh Road, Clapham Common, S.W.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight lines in appreciation of Lord Kitchener, is awarded to Mr. Leslie D. Cockerill, of 113, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, E., for the following:

TO "K. OF K."

O Man of men well tried in camp and field
'Tis given to thee our righteous sword to wield.
Born to command, a leader great of men,
Show us the way to victory again.
We know thee well, there is no need to ask
Whether or no thou canst fulfil the task;
Thine is the might to break our foeman's power;
To thee we trust in this our darkest hour.

LESLIE D. COCKERILL.

The best of the numerous other appreciations sent in are by William J. Elliott (Copthorne), Rev. Leonard S. Shutter (East Grinstead), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), W. A. Lambe (Brighton), Peggy Grant (Burley), Laurence Tarr (Upminster), Anthony Dobbing (Halifax), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Walsall), Mary Ohm (Conway), A. J. Grieve (Herne Hill), Miss Rawcliffe (Haigh), W. Hodgson Burnet (Kensington), A. H. Lenowens (Kensington Gore), Marie Russell (Glasgow), C. A. Bayley (Down).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Miss Irma L. Wallace, of 681, Pass Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A., for the following:

SĀDHANĀ. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Macmillan.)

As I closed Tagore's "Sādhanā," I felt that I had communed with the people's God. A sudden subtle sense of brotherhood, of universality, of togetherness with mankind filled me with new-born spirit. Death seemed but life's "change of key," evil but unseen good. The "unbreakable continuity of relation" between the spiritual and material world was made manifest. Sādhanā is sunshine upon labour. It proves the possibilities of immortal bliss on earth. It is a treasure house of inspired content and its gospel is Joy—"the oneness of our soul with the world and the world-soul with the Supreme lover."

We also select for printing:

MEMOIRS. By LORD CHARLES BERESFORD. (Methuen.)

Lord Charles Beresford here tells of what he aptly terms his "singularly varied" career. With charming, sailor-like simplicity he narrates his activities at home and abroad; and for enthralling interest this record of brave deeds and stirring adventures will not easily be surpassed. Replete with entertaining stories, this volume, in which the bitter controversies of recent years have wisely been ignored, will be widely welcome, and will do much to increase the well-deserved trust of Britain in her sailor-men, whom Lord Charles presents invariably as very human but, not infrequently, very loveable, men.

(Mrs. H. Wyatt, 11A, Hamilton Road, Wimbledon, S.W.)

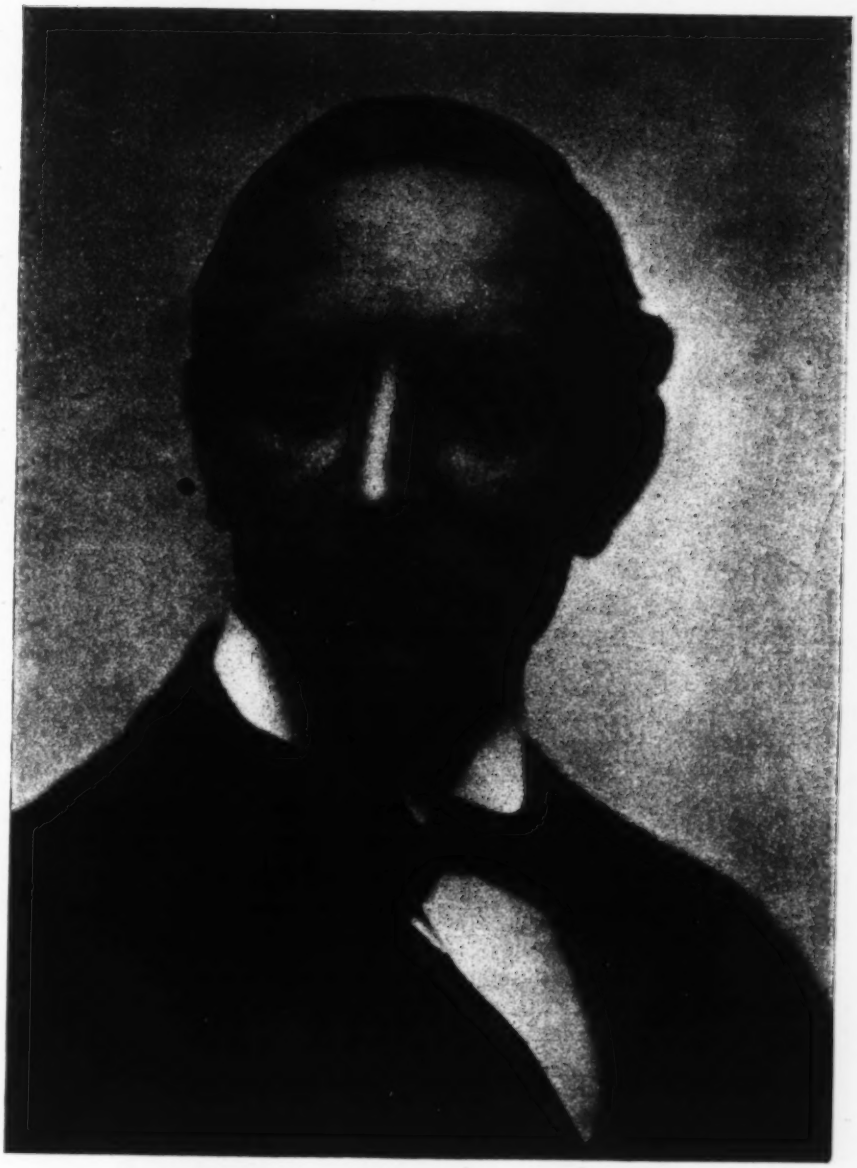


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Henry Newbolt.

TRADER CARSON. By JOHN BARNETT.
(Ward, Lock & Co.).

This collection of stories of love and adventure in the Pacific Isles, those lonely outposts of Empire is, without being brilliant, yet very good to read. The clear-cut phrasing, the strong forceful description of island life, and the attractive character drawing of John Carson and his love, go to make a rather original book and slightly out of the common. The situations are well worked out, and altogether there is a virile sense of life about the book which makes it notable.

(Seagrave Neale, 39, Compton Road, Highbury, N.)

THE GIRL WHO FOUND THE BLUE BIRD.
By MADAME MAURICE MAETERLINCK.
Translated by A. T. DE MATTOS. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In these days of strife and carnage it is comforting to know what man, by care and love, can make of man, and to realize the strong devotion that went to the making of a girl who, without speech, without sight, without hearing, has yet become a sentient being through the fineness of her sense of touch. Madame Maeterlinck has an immense enthusiasm for her heroine, Helen Keller, and she gives it full emotional play in the description of her two visits to this wonderful deaf and dumb girl, who has, in truth, found the secret of "The Blue Bird."

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town, Brighton.)

THE SHEEP TRACK. By NESTA H. WEBSTER.
(John Murray.)

"The Sheep Track" is a fresh and interesting book about London Society. The heroine, Marica, has had an unusual up-bringing, and longing to meet unaffected and amusing people she leaves the sheep track of her set and chooses a more Bohemian path. She meets her mate with the "glorious morning face," but their romance is effectually squashed by his own friends. Marica's character is too fine for pain to spoil it, but tragedy lies in the fact that the really nice hero becomes commonplace—and does not realise it. The book is delightfully written and ends on a hopeful note.

(Lettie Cole, Doyer House, Pontrilas.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), A. C. Grieve (Liverpool), Rose Jessop (Nottingham), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), Vivien Flanders (Clapham), Miss Fenemore (Windsor), Miss A. G. Crawley (Balham), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Mary Mudd (Manchester), James A. Richards (Tenby), Gladys Frank (Sheffield), Miss E. Webster (Bristol), F. S. Smith (Wood Green), C. Roy Price (Wellington), May Green (Dublin), Marie Russell (Glasgow), P. W. Jew (London, S.E.), M. H. Menzies (Hampstead), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. S. Stirling (Glenfarg), Catharine M. Ritchie (Merstham), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), John Boylan (Glasgow), Reginald P. Connell (Kennington Park).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. Robert M. Bradbury, of 13, Park Street, Haslingden, near Manchester.

THE POEMS OF EMILY HICKEY.*

By HENRIETTA KNIGHT (H. J. ARDEN).

"THIS I did," he says, "without any design, except to amuse myself, and I got the languages by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read. . . . I followed everywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way." Pope must have written this sentence near upon two hundred years ago, but it came into my head lately when a small bundle of Miss Emily Hickey's books was laid upon my table. Tender, full of colour and of music, and of love for all that is good and noble, Miss Hickey s poems remind me of Pope's great "Garden of Flowers."

It is puzzling to choose from out this bundle of varied poems the richest and the most beautiful. "Michael Villiers, Idealist," rises with a great force under the gentle words of a true poet, and stands out, marked with its strength of purpose, and then close by, as harebells and gorgeous crimson poppies really grow in one garden of delight, we come upon a sweet little cuckoo song, a song which we ought to hear set by Miss Liza Lehmann; and still as we read further a "Babies' Mystery Play," from which I must quote these few lines:

"'You shall be Adam and Eve,'
Said Charley, 'You shall kneel, and I'll be God,
And frown on you, and lift my angry rod,
And tell you both my Eden bower to leave.'
And Muriel answered, eager of voice and soul,
'No, you be Adam and Eve, and God I'll be!'
But Charley would not take the lesser rôle;
Each would be God—and what a God! Ah me,
We grown-up folk fight too for high control,
And play at being God continually."

We are not surprised to come across sweet little Irish songs running through these volumes (indeed, we should be surprised if we did not).

In "A Sculptor and Other Poems" there is a charming little artless "Paddy" who will win his way into every heart.

Then again we turn from the graceful "Harebells" and come face to face with the agony of a mother dying far away from her Irish home and telling the clergyman of her broken life, broken by the sin most grievous to the children of Erin. It is a true and pathetic picture, a story being told of a daughter who was led into sin and died, and the old mother bewailing and wishing to cry vengeance on the stranger who betrayed her girl, till the fierce anger melts before the lesson which she has always been trying to learn at the foot of the Cross. The lesson is learnt as life flickers out, for we read:

"I owe him a terruble grudge,
But I don't want to pay it, yer Riverince, I lave him to God his Judge.
What do ye say, sir?" . . . "Suppose he had never dreamt how it was,
Had never thought *that* could be—had gone away because
Things of importance had called him?" "Well, Sir, I only say—
God knows all about them things iv unportance that called him away."

* "A Sculptor and other Poems." Out of Print. (Kegan Paul.)—"Verse-Tales, Lyrics and Translations." Out of Print. (Arnold Bros., transferred to Elkin Mathews.)—"Michael Villiers, Idealist, and other Poems." Out of Print. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—"Poems." (Elkin Mathews.)—"Our Lady of May." (Catholic Truth Society.)—"Later Poems." (Grant Richards.)

"But suppose when he heard—when they told him that
Katey—that *she* was dead,
He had nearly died of the sorrow, and scarce could lift up
his head?
And suppose he had sought out her mother, and meant—
Ah, God!—to atone
And found she had left the place, and none knew where she
had gone?"

"Well, suppose all this, yer Riverince? If he had ha' found me, ye see,
He'd ha' offered a five-poun'-note, or even a ten, maybe:
An' I might ha' spit in his face an' curst him: an' now I say,
The Lord forgive him his sin, as I forgive him to-day."

Can anyone write a finer description of an Irish mother than this?

In the "Later Poems," the old Irish story of Etáin the Queen is most beautifully told; it is the principal poem in the book. King Eochaid is waiting in grief, and his heart is anguished sore, when Etáin's voice cries:

"Dearest, our loves were lovely fair,
Blest beyond thought or dream we were.
Oh! mine own one, what is this?
What the shadow that darks our bliss?
Shadow of fear that striketh numb—
He who divideth our loves will come."

And so the old Irish tale with an exquisite tenderness is repeated.

But quite as beautiful, quite as tender are St. Anne's words in "After Our Lady's Presentation":

"God's was she, so we gave her Him—
But—the house without her, Joachim!"

And then we pass from grave to gay, and "Happy-go-lucky" almost dares us to read: it *must* be sung:

"Happy-go-lucky, you darling, and is it yourself come at last?
We thought how the Spring was delaying, the Winter would never be past!
But Happy-go-lucky is here, and with her the breathing of Spring,
And the Earth has awoken from sleep, and the birds are beginning to sing."

In verses like "Happy-go-lucky," there is the true ring of an Irish joyance and a great understanding and love of children, but like all large-minded people, Miss Hickey can sympathise with every age. It is not the little ones only who appeal to her; the following will to many of us:

"In the day of understanding
Shall we know
We who grieved each other so
All the wherefore, all the why,
You and I?

In the day of understanding,
Shall we see,
Eyes enlightened perfectly,
How it was that heart and heart
Went apart?

In the day of understanding
Shall we say,
Each to each *O Love to-day,*
Do I love you, love you, more
Than of yore?"

Photo by C. Vandyk.

Miss Emily Hickey.

"Our Lady of May and other Poems" is a little book which Catholics will be glad to possess. It is so real and so simple; the poems are sermons written in poetry and not in stone.

Everyone who reads Miss Emily Hickey's poems will like to know, if they do not already, a little bit about herself. She is Irish of course, which accounts for the charm of her words, and is the granddaughter of "Martin Doyle," the great philanthropist, whose services to Ireland in the teaching of better methods of agriculture, general sanitation, etc., were acknowledged by the State; and who at an advanced age, was asked by Mr. Blackwood (of *Maga*) to make a tour of enquiry through Ireland. In her own words she has told us that her early girlhood was passed in the town of Carlow, which is surrounded by very beautiful country. She loved books and could not remember when she did not know how to read (she has certainly learnt her cris-cross-row!), but as a child, in an earlier and purely country home, she also loved romping and climbing trees. She loved Sir Walter Scott's fine swinging verse, which she learnt by heart. Then Lord Tennyson's works came into her life, and by and by the Spirit of Poetry which was in her could not be repressed, and the young girl began to write her own poems. "Told in the Firelight" was one of her early pieces, and appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Then, as was only natural, Mrs. Browning's poems took great hold upon her, "And at once I felt it as greater, higher, deeper and fuller than any other verse I had come upon." It was as deep calling to deep, both singers seem attuned to the same chord; their very harmony is alike.

Later on she became a friend and fellow worker of Dr. Frederick Furnivall, and it was by his advice, after having heard Miss Hickey read a paper on "Measure for Measure," that she began giving lectures on Shakespeare, which met with very wide appreciation. In conjunction with Dr. Furnivall, Miss Hickey founded the Browning Society; she was Honorary Secretary, and what the work must have entailed few of us can imagine; but Miss Hickey is a great organiser and a great philanthropist as well, and, if I may be forgiven

for such a paradox, I think her mind could not be at rest unless it was busy.

And busy to overflowing it has been: full measure pressed down and running over has she given to the world of her talents, not only of the talents of pure literature, but of the talents of charity and of sympathy and of help. "I have known the poor as one loving them, and as I hope, in some degree, understanding them," she once wrote.

Space will not allow me to say much more about her now, but I do not feel I can end without quoting these few lines, which show how the Spirit of Religion wraps round and inspires all her work:

"What would I choose, and what would I forgo?
Would all desire go up in that swift cry,
Were it one little minute's space, to know
God's love, which passeth knowledge, verily,
And ere the glory fadeth off to die?
Would God that I were sure of choosing so!"

It is a far cry from Pope to Mrs. Barrett Browning, but as I put Miss Hickey's books away, four lines of our great poetess came back to me:

"The Poet's arms have wound thee,
He breathes upon thy brow,
He lifts thee upward in the glow
Of his great genius round thee."

CRISPI.—CONSPIRATOR AND STATESMAN.*

BY J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt.D.

IT has been the lot of few men to figure during half his life as a conspirator, and then to rise to power and direct the policy of his country towards courses that came to be deemed conservative. Only in Italy, that land of dazzling romance and humdrum realities, could this have happened. Germany and Austria underwent somewhat analogous changes between 1848 and 1890, but their patriots of the revolutionary time—Blum and Kossuth—either perished or fled into exile. Among the Italian patriots Crispi alone possessed the political capacity that raised him to high office when Italy gained the unity for which so many of them had died. Mazzini, to whose self-denying zeal these pages bear eloquent witness, possessed none of the adaptability needed by the statesman. His was the mission of the seer. As Meredith finely said in "Vittoria": "He cried out to Italians to wait for no inspiration but their own; that they should never subdue their minds to follow any alien example. Watching over his Italy; her wrist in his meditative clasp year by year, he stood like a mystic leech by the couch of a fair and hopeless frame. . . . 'Arise!' he said, even in what appeared most fatal hours of darkness. The slack limbs moved; the body rose and fell. The cost of the effort was the breaking out of innumerable wounds, old and new; the gain was the display of the miracle that Italy lived." Still less was Garibaldi fitted for threading the long intricacies of statecraft. In her poem, expressing his thoughts on hearing Cavour's bartering away of Savoy and Nice, Mrs. Browning limns him to the life:

"Perhaps, he said, I was not born
With such fine brains to treat and trade."

Of course this is unfair to the statesman. The skilful bargainer was no less necessary to Italy in her time of sore need than the inspiring prophet, the dashing soldier and the "honest King." Only by a wondrous confluence of personality in its most intense yet diverse forms could that distracted people find the political salvation for which, previous to the year 1850, it had striven in vain.

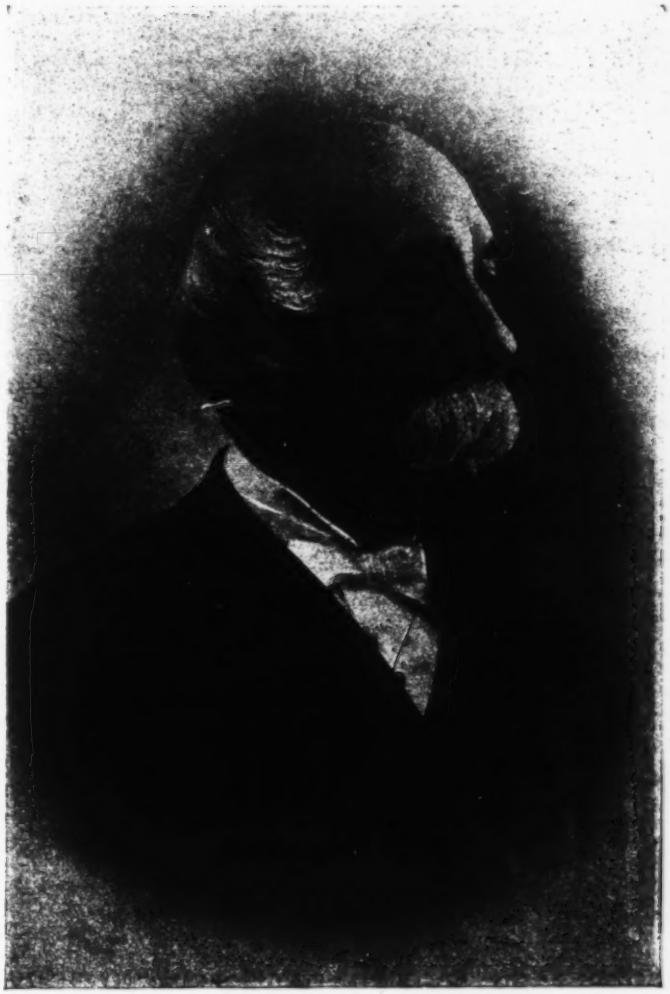
The rôle of Crispi was at first subordinate, however honourable. After the failure of the Sicilian Revolution, in the crushing of which the Neapolitan Bourbon earned immortal notoriety as "King Bomba," Crispi spent some time in exile in the Kingdom of Sardinia. As he phrased it in his Diary (I., p. 30): "The exile is no deserter who flies from the camp for fear of death, but rather a soldier who retires behind the entrenchments to rally his strength on safer ground." The Government of Victor Emmanuel thought differently, and expelled him to Malta, "whence" (wrote the Duke of Taormina) "like a wild beast in the depths of his lair, he may sniff the air of Sicily in search of prey." Kossuth, then in London, helped Crispi and other Sicilian exiles to do more than sniff. He offered to hire fast steamers which might help to start a Sicilian rising. Enterprises of this kind led to Crispi's expulsion from Malta at the end of 1854, and he proceeded to London. But by that time the Crimean War had begun, and Cavour soon pledged the Sardinian Government to an alliance with France and Great Britain, which was to lead to momentous results. It is doubtful whether we need take seriously the phrase in Cavour's letter (quoted on page 71 of Vol. I.), respecting "the unity of Italy and further rubbish of this sort." That diplomatist often used language of that kind, but surely as a blind. *Festina lente* was always his motto.

Readers of these Memoirs will of course turn to the interesting pages dealing with Garibaldi and the Thousand. But as Mr. G. M. Trevelyan has fully treated that romantic episode in his work bearing that title, and has made use of Crispi's *Diario*, I pass over that portion of the work for others that are less known; but I must note that the evidence adduced on p. 328 of Vol. I. by no means proves that the British Admiralty in July, 1860, sold warships to the Garibaldians. The person who sold them was merely "connected in a way with the Admiralty." He bought them and then sold them privately to the Italian patriots. But in that matter, as also in the action of Admiral Mundy on H.M.S. *Hannibal* at Palermo, the British Government went further than was warranted by the rules respecting the conduct of neutrals during the progress of hostilities. We have never regretted those irregularities, and Italy remembers them to-day. She also remembers that when Napoleon III. protested against the aggrandisement of the Kingdom of Sardinia,

* "The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi." Translated by Mary Prichard-Agnetti. 3 Vols. 24s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

and demanded either Genoa or the Isle of Sardinia as "compensation," the British Government encouraged that of Turin to resist that effort at filching. On October 13th, 1860, Crispi resigned his portfolio for Foreign Affairs, which he had provisionally held in Sicily during the triumphal progress of the Dictator through that island and northwards to Naples and the River Volturno.

It is curious that Crispi, the revolutionist, should have been the first Italian to propose friendly relations to Austria. But in October, 1877, his interview with Andrassy (himself a revolutionist of 1848–9) pointed the way towards the Triple Alliance. Crispi laughed at the notion of embarking on a policy of adventure on behalf of Trieste and Fiume, because ports ought to belong to the people who supply their commerce. Andrassy listened warily, but seemed to like Crispi's offer, though he preferred to await the end of the Russo-Turkish War before coming to an understanding. The Austrian Minister, Robilant, was more threatening, and implied that his Empire was ready for war. The fall of Crispi from office postponed an *entente* with the Germanic Powers. The occupation of Bosnia by Austria was therefore proposed at the Congress of Berlin by Lord Salisbury, and was seconded by Prince Bismarck, Italy playing always an insignificant rôle. As is well known, Bismarck then suggested to France the seizure of Tunis, an act which so angered Italy that she threw herself into the arms of Germany and Austria. The Cairoli Cabinet then in power (1878–1881) having left Italy isolated and weak, Bismarck's Machiavellian policy won complete success. It is worthy of notice that that slippery politician, Freycinet (who kept saying that he did not mean to take Tunis, but that the future was in God's hands) on one occasion asked the French ambassador why Italy persisted in thinking about Tunis—"Why not turn your attention to Tripoli, where you would have neither ourselves nor any one else to contend with?"



Francesco Crispi.
From "The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi."

Austria having declared in February, 1881, that she did not intend to take either Albania or Salonica, there was no reason (apart from sentimental recollections of the time of Radetzky) why Italy should not clasp hands with her. In fact, the accession of Italy to the Central Alliance took place in May, 1882, Mancini being then in power, and Crispi out of office. The details here presented on this compact are meagre. On the other hand, there is an interesting account of Crispi's unofficial interview with Lord Granville on the Egyptian Question on July 29th, 1882. Crispi warned him that Bismarck was coquetting with the Sultan—we now know why. Our *coup* against Egypt gave him the opportunity for that *entente* with Abdul Hamid II., which was to lead on to the Bagdad Railway and other Levantine schemes dear to Pan-Germans. As regards Italy and Egypt, it is clear that Crispi would have desired to help us in our intervention against Arabi; but the timid Mancini Cabinet refused, to the annoyance of Lord Granville, who knew that Bismarck was pushing on the Turks. Perhaps pressure from Berlin on Rome accounted for the refusal of Mancini; his assent would have weakened the Triple Alliance, and might have led to an Anglo-Italian *entente* that would completely have changed the course of Mediterranean politics.

Crispi, on taking the portfolio for Foreign Affairs in 1887, did good work by inducing the Powers to leave Bulgaria alone in that year; and the election of Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, therefore, was not contested even by Russia. Thus began a career which has proved the most successful of any in the recent history of the Balkan States. Bismarck, during his interview with Crispi in 1887, declared his wish to back up Austria against the Tsar, if the latter intervened by force in the Eastern Question; but Germany wished for peace in that quarter. As for Crispi, he expressed an urgent desire for the welfare of Austria, which could be assured only "by respecting the various nationalities which

go to make up the Empire." That, as we know, was then the policy of Vienna. The days of Æhrenthal, Tisza, and Friedjung, had not then dawned. Berlin and Vienna then advocated and really worked for peace and quietness; and Italy supported them. The friction between Italy and France was still acute, and remained so until 1890, when the latter definitely annexed Tunis.

In that year a new order of things began when Kaiser Wilhelm II. dismissed Bismarck. As Crispi says, their natures were utterly incompatible; but the Kaiser assured Crispi that he would continue the peace policy of Bismarck, and uphold the Triple Alliance. Comment is superfluous.

These volumes show more clearly than before the unwisdom of France in irritating Italy about Tunis. But for that irritation, the Triple Alliance would soon have lost all vitality. The French assurances to us and to the Italians, that Bizerta would not be fortified, show the tricky nature of French policy at that period; and the wonder is that France, during her time of deserved isolation, was not crushed by the Triple Alliance. Not until 1902 did Italy and she come to an understanding on African questions. We have no space in which to notice the interesting chapters on *Italia irredenta*, the Armenian Massacres, and the friction between England and Germany respecting the Jameson Raid. Before that incident Crispi believed that the Kaiser was sincerely friendly to Great Britain; for when reference was made to certain colonial differences between the two Powers, he said: "*Bah! Wer sich liebt, neckt sich* (*Qui s'aime se querelle*)." Crispi retired from office before the era of Pan-Germanism had fully dawned.

New Books.

MUFFLED MAETERLINCK.*

Miss Una Taylor's worst fault is really a proof of her sensitiveness—she has yielded to that subtlest of all the temptations which the sympathetic critic has to fight against—the temptation to make his or her manner harmonise courteously with the manner of the particular subject, pitching the comments, with a delicate politeness, in the key of the utterances they criticise. She has written of Maeterlinck, that is to say, much as Maeterlinck might have written of himself, using a pensive, murmurous prose of incessant pale images and gravely ingenious conceits; the result being that we only get a kind of tender continuation instead of a sudden synopsis—an echo instead of an essence. Thus,

"The Poet," says Miss Taylor, speaking of Maeterlinck's first book of verse, "has severed his sadness from the sadness of his fellows: he has even severed it from all the accidents, the occasions and stimulants to sadness, that belong to the exterior life of humankind. It is, in truth, the essential subjectivity of lyricism carried to the verge of the possible."

(The essential subjectivity of lyricism carried to the verge of the possible!)

"The circle of the self-soul is the horizon-line, and there is nothing to tell of what outer circumstances have fashioned and wrought this nameless mournfulness within those spiritual precincts." "If the inaccessible and secret wisdom," she says again, this time of the Essays, "transcending reason and understanding and coming only as a special revelation to the inner group of the illuminate, eludes verbal formulas, we may still inquire what growths there be, healthy or poisonous, good or evil, which germinate in the atmosphere of light surrounding the disciples of mysticism. If we cannot aspire to see the feet of the forerunners of transcendental thought—the feet of messengers that pass in the night—we may still track the footprints left upon earth and snow and sand, and divine in their direction a goal. . . ."

That may be most true, it certainly sounds irreproachable; but it is an unfortunate fact that if you would track a mystic's foot-prints successfully you must adopt the materialists' methods. Set about it transcendentally, with your sympathetic head in the stars, and you may possibly leave exceedingly beautiful prints of your own, but you will prove an imperfect detective. And the literal reason is plain. Consider the specific case before us. It has taken Maurice Maeterlinck, the supreme master of this mode of writing, some twenty volumes to explain his meaning in its terms. Is it not then perfectly evident that the only hope for the critic who desires to sum that meaning up in one book is to try another kind of terminology altogether? It is a principle, indeed, that applies all round. The man who will some day explain Shaw will have to write simply and humbly; the perfect definition of Chesterton will be a platitude not a paradox; the best criticism of poetry is in prose. To cut the required clean cross-section which reveals the core of the case there must always be a kind of antagonism; the critic must have courage enough, not only to challenge and face his man, but also to appear to the dear disciples a dreadful irreverent ruffian of an outsider, obviously incapable of appreciating their beloved Master's moods.

Miss Taylor has not had this courage. She has preferred to prove her pluck in precisely the opposite way—by braving the Philistines, wearing her soul on her sleeve, and carrying Platonism "to the utmost verge of the possible." *C'est magnifique*—but it isn't what was wanted. For Maeterlinck's case, more even than others, requires a complete, point-blank contrast to pierce to its innermost heart—that heart being, as it happens, just the heart of a child, a simplicity, almost infantile, of mood, motive, thought, and method, which is exactly the opposite of the remote and dubious intricacies which the play of these simplicities seems to produce. To define Maeterlinck fairly, to make his æsthetic impulses clear, requires language of a primitive plainness and gaiety—not murmurs about "the verge of the possible." He is not at all a great thinker, this gentle-eyed Fleming — his beliefs are simply those that have trustfully come to every sunny, mild saint in the world; and the graceful prose in which he worked out this philosophy falteringly, owes its charm, even when it seems most insidious and subtle, to a delicious childishness, impressionable but absorbed. Listen. "*Nothing of beauty dies without having purified something, nor can aught of beauty be lost. Let us not be afraid of sowing it along the road. It may remain there for weeks or years, but, like the diamond, it cannot dissolve, and finally there will pass by some one whom its glitter will attract; he will pick it up and go on his way rejoicing.*" Rhythm and thought, hand in hand, tiptoe softly forward together, naïvely grave, prettily shy, and tremendously conscious of the immense need for decorum, but at the first bright object in their path, that glittering diamond, they come to a full-stop entranced, capable of playing contentedly with the pretty metaphor for hours. And the technically interesting thing is the fact that it is just this ingenuous absorption that creates the effect of mysterious significance. Just as a solitary twig against the moon, or a single figure on a sky-line, gains an immeasureable significance from its isolation, so do the little images which Maeterlinck pores over, like the

* "Maurice Maeterlinck: A Critical Study." By Una Taylor. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

lonely puppets in his early plays, gain an indescribable mysteriousness from his mild, peaceful content with them. They produce an effect far more complex than the author's gentle, brooding mind—see how they make Miss Taylor talk about the circles of the self-soul! And it is with this quaint discrepancy that criticism ought to deal. It ought to disclose the absurdly boyish basis of those first beautiful bogey plays—plays that were the result of little more than a love of ghost stories plus a limited knowledge of modern French literature—a knowledge too tolerantly limited to let the earnest peasant-playwright realise how pathetically meagre and odd was his material. Solemnly content with his borrowed properties, his ruined towers and pale princesses, and with his innocent copies of decadent French verse, he used them with an earnestness that made them seem surcharged with secret meanings, and surrounded them with an artless emptiness that left them looming like strange omens. Because they were so finite, they seemed weighted by infinity. When he faltered, we felt a shiver of rich awe. The edge of anything (even "the verge of the possible") always does suggest the dark immensities; and the very limitations of this young writer's experience and skill made all his work seem on the edges of great gulfs. And one has a theory, too, that the safe retention by his art of its first innocence until a comparatively recent date, was largely due to the fact that he was writing in a foreign tongue. Even after success had reached him he remained an unsophisticated writer, handling the alien language with a certain simple awe. He was saved (much as Conrad was) from the dead dexterity which comes from habit. He built his sentences up solemnly, gave his whole absorbed attention to the conduct of the very smallest parts of speech, and so lent a pure, oracular, priest-like accent to every mild remark he made, and a certain strangeness that seemed to breathe of high concerns.

But if Miss Taylor, star-entangled, has passed homely foot-prints like these by, we can still be grateful to her for her book. For one thing, it does possess a drooping beauty of its own—she writes with a kind of willowy skill—some of her sentences are all violet and silver. For another, even if it doesn't tell us how Maeterlinck's work was done, it does show us what that work can do. It may not reveal many causes, but it is itself a charming consequence. From the enchanting caverns which Maeterlinck explored, his excited voice, as we have seen, emerged transformed into the most mysterious cries and croons and quavers, which echoed thrillingly among us for some time. Well, here, in one neat volume, you have the very last and loneliest of those echoes, perfectly caught as it trembles on the verge of the possible, before it fades finally away;—and that though it may not be criticism is surely a service for which criticism is sincerely obliged. Just think! From the innocent child's play in the caverns to these exquisite reveries and elaborate runes—doesn't it simply round off irresistibly the whole beautiful case—make it one of the best things of the kind there has ever been?

DIXON SCOTT.

ISAAC WATTS.*

It would be a difficult, though, perhaps, not an impossible task to determine when the "Divine and Moral Songs" of Isaac Watts went out of vogue. For considerably over a hundred years since its first publication in 1720 the little book had no small share in the home education of many generations of children brought up in a religious atmosphere. But to the modern child the recitation of such lines as "How doth the little busy bee Improve each shining hour," etc., or those beginning, "'Tis the voice of the sluggard," would not, one is inclined to think, call up any smile or look of recognition. More probable is it that he would be reminded of one or other of the parodies with which Lewis Carroll has made him conversant: "How doth the little crocodile improve his shining tail," or "'Tis the voice of the lobster I heard him declare." On the other hand Watts's hymns still hold their place in the hymnody of the various Anglican, Scottish and Nonconformist churches. In this connection, however, although the verses may be well known and a source of comfort and consolation to many, the name of their author may be less familiar. It is not a little surprising that some clergymen and lay-folk are hard put to it to name off-hand the author of such beautiful and frequently-sung hymns as "When I survey the wondrous cross," "There is a land of pure delight," and even "O God, our help in ages past," and one or two others no less popular. Perhaps when informed that the only begetter of these treasurable productions was Isaac Watts they may wish to know something of their author. And this they may do pleasantly by reading Mr. Wright's recent addition to his series of the "Lives of the British Hymn-Writers."

Isaac Watts was the son of a Nonconformist schoolmaster in Southampton, and the grandson of a captain in the Navy, who lost his life by the blowing-up of his ship in the Dutch war of 1656. Originally the family was a Scottish one, a fact not noted by Watts's biographers, and one branch of the family claimed to be of royal descent. Watts received his education in the grammar school of his native town, where he appears to have been thoroughly grounded in the classics, a love of which he retained throughout his life. On finishing his school training he was sent to the Nonconformist Academy at Stoke Newington to be prepared for the ministry. Ultimately he succeeded Dr. Chauncey as pastor of the chapel in Bury Street,

Isaac Watts.

From the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.
From "Isaac Watts and Contemporary Hymn Writers," by Thomas Wright.
(C. L. Farncombe.)

* "The Lives of the British Hymn-Writers. Vol. III. Isaac Watts." By Thomas Wright. 5s. net. (Farncombe & Sons, Ltd.).

in the City of London. Many of the wealthy merchants were Nonconformists, among them being Sir Thomas Abney, who became Lord Mayor of London. It was at his country seat at Theobalds, and, after his death, in his widow's house at Stoke Newington, then a delightful country village, that Watts lived an honoured and much-beloved guest for a good part of his life. Here he died on November 25th, 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and was buried in that *campo santo* of the Dissenters—Bunhill Fields.

Of him, Johnson, who was a great admirer of his "Improvement of the Mind," wrote:

"Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the enlightened readers of Malbranche and Locke; he has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the art of reasoning and the Science of the Stars."

On the whole his life was a happy one, and, for the most part, uneventful, Towards the end he was saddened by the action of two of his relatives.

"The principal trouble of his latter days," Mr. Wright states, "was the snake-like attitude towards him of his brother, Dr. Richard Watts, and his once favourite nephew, Joseph Brackstone, whose treatment of him amounted to persecution, though why they so acted is quite inexplicable. To the abject Brackstone Watts had been persistently kind. In his will made on July 26th, 1746, he left a thousand pounds (about half of his estate) to be equally divided among Brackstone and three nieces. If Brackstone had been informed of this (as probably he was) he ought to have been grateful to his uncle. Possibly he was a dissolute wretch, continually writing for money, to be spent in improper ways. But if that were the case, how was it that Watts did not by codicil remove from his will the scoundrel's name?"

Now it is quite true that Joseph Brackstone was mentioned in his uncle's will along with his sisters, Mary, Sarah and Martha, but it is not a fact that "the scoundrel's name" was Joseph, as may be seen from the following unpublished letter in my possession. Mr. Wright ought, therefore, to apologise to the manes of Joseph. The letter is an extremely interesting and important one, throwing as it does some light on the "mystery that hangs over Watts's later years," and on the nature of the delinquencies of his nephew, *James* Brackstone, of whose existence Mr. Wright does not appear to be aware. It is written by Dr. Isaac Watts to his brother, "Mr. Enoch Watts in Sou'hampton," dated April 8th, 1746, and runs thus:

"DEAR BROTHER,—At length we have finished the necessary work of casting a wicked member out of our Church. I write the very words of our sentence on him.

"'At a Church Meeting April 4th, 1746. Whereas Mr. James Brackstone has in a shocking manner damn'd and cursed his uncle Dr. Watts one of our Pastors, and having in a letter to Mr. Price our other Pastor declared that he will be no longer a member with us, we do now exclude him from our Communion.' [The beginning of the next sentence is undecipherable, but it goes on]: "There were severall months forbearance exercizd towards him out of Tenderness to him and his family. I intended to have told you some months ago how we suppose Jemmy Br. got the knowledge of somethings in our Letters. In conversation with Joseph Parker [the Dr.'s amanuensis] whether he knew how to open a sealed letter dextrously and seal it again. Jo. Parker answered no: Jemmy said he could do it; and shewed him how and I fear this has been a frequent practice with him as bad as it is. This informs us of a peece of his villany.

"'He is still the same bouncing fellow, and all his family are at present gone from our Church. Whether they will ever return we neither know nor care, but my heart is much easyer. The Dr. is endeavouring to lett his house at Newington and the Dr. says he will seek another habitation shortly, at some further distance from London. If he should go soon the Lady Abney hopes ere the summer is past to see my sister at Newington, but I don't think he will remove soon. I hope my Dear Sister is growing better daily, but there is an utter separation between us and the Dr. R. W.'s family. Grace and Peace be with you all at Southampton. We are much commended by our friends the Dissenters here for doing what we have done.

"Farewell—Yours affectionately,
"I. WATTS."

Mr. Wright may be interested to learn that it was James Brackstone who published his uncle's once popular work, "The Improvement of the Mind," which was brought out in 1741. Brackstone was both publisher and bookseller, and his shop was situated at "The Globe" in Cornhill.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

WONDERFUL WOMAN.*

I have ventured to use the title of Mr. Clayton Calthrop's book as the title of this review, not for any invidious reasons, not because I think his book is the best of the bunch—I am expressing no opinion as to that—but because it is so befitting. For all these books are about wonderful women. And another wonderful thing about them that impresses me deeply: any one of these books would have been good enough to have established the reputation of its author—twenty years ago, say. Which shows how the literary level of fiction has been raised during the last two decades. It is only because there are so many novels published nowadays that we do not appreciate the supreme excellence of so many of them. To reverse the old hackneyed French saying: We cannot see the trees for the forest.

Mr. Calthrop's book, for example. It is in quite a new genre. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say that I have never before read a book by Mr. Calthrop. But after all, that is a fault very easily to be rectified. If any of his other books contain as original and compelling characters as "Flip" and Lord Almirac—to name only two of many as good—then there is indeed a treat—many treats—in store for me. In the limited space at my disposal it is quite impossible for me to do justice to the merits of "Wonderful Woman." It is quite impossible for me even to convey a vague impression of the daintiness and airiness of Mr. Calthrop's style, and not only the daintiness and airiness, but the something higher, the something more profound, a sort of bitter-sweet philosophy that is at once both pungent and poignant. The lightness, the deftness, the delicacy of Mr. Calthrop's art is beyond praise. From the opening chapter of this book, with its glimpses of the Pierrot and the Troubadour in the early dawn, the most beautiful and magical dawn of London skies, to the last pale glimpse of devoted souls, old and young, breathing the philosophy of those who have proved life and found it out, the whole book is in its way—and that not a narrow way—a triumph.

In strong contrast is "Ape's-Face": a book that for sheer intensity of horror is as remarkable as some of the best of Poe's tales. Not a book to read late at night, if you are at all highly-strung or highly-imaginative, but a book that acts like an electric battery on the nerves by a series of shocks and thrills. The story is all about a legend of that oldest and most mysterious English county, Wiltshire, in which the old morality of Cain and Abel is embodied—with a difference. And the cleverness of the book is enhanced by the fact that it all ends—if not happily, at least in not such ghastly wise as at first seems likely to be the case. There is a sigh of relief in the penultimate chapter, and a prompting to slightly hysterical laughter. It is as if the ghost story had nearly reached its end, and the hair of the auditors was rising as the teller of the story lowered his voice to a more and more bloodcurdling whisper, when—"Tea is ready," is called out, and we leap to our feet, and life becomes once more just jolly and commonplace.

Jolly and commonplace as "The Rise and Glory of the Westell-Browns," which is the sort of novel that makes us say: "I know that kind of man—or woman": a human document. Not that there is much that is too much jollity or anything that is commonplace in Mr. Neuman's story. Certainly there is nothing commonplace in his style or in his treatment of this everyday tragedy of humble ambitions made glorious by success, and then pathetic by defeat. Mr. Neuman has the knack of making you feel that the things he describes are really happening, that you are not reading about them, but actually witnessing them. And the same may be said of his characters. They seem not at all like characters in a book; they are like the people next door. A fine, painstaking piece of work that deserves more general recognition than I am afraid the war will permit.

* "Wonderful Woman." By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Ape's Face." By Marion Fox. 6s. (John Lane.)—"The Rise and Glory of the Westell-Browns." By B. Paul Neuman. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Perch of the Devil." By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (John Murray.)—"The Pride of Eve." By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassells.)—"Oddfish!" By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.).

It is perhaps almost enough to say of Mrs. Atherton's new book that it is worthy of its author. Its theme is mainly that most dreary and overworked theme of mining interests. But Mrs. Atherton does not make it dreary. Indeed, long as the book is, and packed with incident and character, one reads every word of it with unction; and perhaps one reads it more for its psychological interest than for any of its other manifold interests, which is meant for a tribute to the extraordinary, almost uncanny, insight into the human heart that its author exhibits. A book for the more seriously-minded, but a book that no one who would keep abreast with the best of current fiction should on any account fail to read.

Another piece of realism—for Mrs. Atherton's book is realism of the best kind—is Warwick Deeping's "Pride of Eve." But it is not the kind of realism that must always go wedded indissolubly with the word "morbid." It is in a way rather a sad book, being all about frustrate love and the sufferings of the human heart under the stresses of vain desire, but not sad in the sense that it leaves us mournful. Rather does it leave us proud of the fineness inherent in humanity. In Eve, Warwick Deeping has presented us with an authentic portrait of a woman, as he has presented us with many other authentic portraits, not only of the leading male character Jim Canterton, but of the numberless others who cross these richly interesting and moving pages. I have never read a book that so made me want to interfere with the destinies of the various protagonists. They are all so vital and true to type, and the things that happen to them seem so essentially the things that would happen to them. Especially do I love John Parfit, who is fit to grace the gallery of Dickens's immortals, and especially do I admire the strength and truth of those scenes in which Eve goes down into the depths, but without defilement. In "The Pride of Eve" Warwick Deeping has done a notable piece of work, told a good story in the right way, and justified himself throughout of his high enterprise.

Remains only Father Benson's "Oddsfish!" a little artificial, a little too clamant, and all about that very obnoxious person, Charles II., but nevertheless a fine, sound romance—hardly that!—and instinct throughout with a feeling for something even deeper and more important than mere art, as all Father Benson's work is.

EDWIN PUGH.

THE ROYAL STEWARTS.*

In the histories of England written for school-children some thirty or forty years ago no narrative of a reign was complete which failed to furnish a so-called "character" of the sovereign. This character, crude in conception and devoid of neutral tints, had at least the merit of presenting some sort of portrait of the monarch alike as ruler and as man. To-day we have changed all that. Even in the cheapest scholastic circles the habit of using ready-made labels, such as "Bluff King Hal," "Good Queen Bess," "The Merry Monarch," and "Farmer George," is quite obsolete; while the serious historian, whether of the Oxford or of the Cambridge school, would look askance at the bare idea of doing anything so vulgar as making a deliberate attempt to paint likenesses of our kings. Greatly daring, then, at first sight, might Mr. T. F. Henderson be reckoned, who, in the introduction to his volume dealing with "The Royal Stewarts," tells us that, "while the primary purpose [of his work] is biographical, an attempt has been made to trace the influence of the idiosyncrasies of the several sovereigns on contemporary and subsequent events." A careful reading of the various chapters shows, however, that the author has scarcely made good his promise, that he has, as a rule, hardly risen above the level of the writer of that not too welcome hybrid, the popular historical biography. He gives an admirably vivid character study of King James I., and he succeeds equally well in presenting the ablest of the Stewarts—King Charles II. But he makes nothing of Mary, Queen of Scots; he affords us merely a chromolithographic sketch of Prince Charles Edward; while, in an endeavour to make out a case for King Charles I. as politician, he applies that much misunderstood "historical spirit" as if it were a kind of moral whitewash. The remaining monarchs Mr. Henderson tackles in more or less conventional fashion, and throughout his book the two leading idiosyncrasies that give the clue to any clear estimate of the character of the (English) Stewarts—their inability to keep their word, and their failure to behave decently to their wives—are completely ignored. It may be added—as a comment on the style which Mr. Henderson adopts—that in his prose "homologated" stands for "assimilated," "resiled" for "refrained," and "credited" for "believed." Like Mr. Henry James, too, this author has a trick of overworking the adverb: he writes "ingenuously convinced" when he means "really convinced."

King James VI. and I.

From the painting by P. Van Somer in the Royal Collection at Hampton Court Palace. From "The Royal Stewarts," by T. F. Henderson (Blackwood).

* "The Royal Stewarts." By T. F. Henderson. 16s. net. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THE BOOK OF ARMAGH.*

Even if they had done nothing else, the Royal Irish Academy would yet have had the distinction of issuing what is, probably, the cheapest book that has ever been published. Yet that is the least part of the achievement. Both they and Professor Gwynn have brought to a conclusion a labour on which it was a considerable honour to be occupied—an honour only commensurate with the difficulties to be encountered, and the patience and learning by which they could alone be met. The result is that a book comes now within the reach of most that, originally known as "Canoin Phadraig" (The Rule of Patrick), held a place of peculiar honour in the esteem of Irishmen; and so may be said to complete a long and sufficiently perilous journey. More than one-half of this great book is occupied by a reproduction of the old MS. in Roman type—as the proclamation runs, *paginatim lineatim verbatim literatim*—in order that references to it or to the original may agree precisely; and the other half, a matter of two hundred and ninety pages, is occupied with Professor Gwynn's introduction: explanatory, expository, and critical. We could have wished that some portion of the passages that relate to Patrick himself had been accompanied by a translation; though it is true that this would probably have marred the scope of the introduction, and added to the huge mass of the book. Yet, written as they are in difficult Old-Irish of the ninth century, and being of the utmost importance to early Irish social history, they both need and demand explanation for the wide circle of readers who are now beginning to discover their value. Fourteen years ago Father Hogan translated some of them into Latin; but the bulk of them yet await authoritative translation; and, if disappointment be possible in such a book, we experienced a little disappointment at not finding one given for these passages in Old-Irish. But it is not fair to demur; for Professor Gwynn's introduction is a wonderful piece of work, and we may mention that the book has been in his scholarly charge for nearly twenty years, since the death of Dr. Reeves who was at first elected for the labour.

Despite the fact that "The Book of Armagh" for some time was known as "Canoin Phadraig," Patrick had little to do with it, other than as the subject of a large section of it. The "huc usque volumen quod Patricius manu conscripsit sua" with which Patrick's "Confessio" concludes, at the end of the first section of the book, does not mean that any portion of the original was written by him, but only that it was copied from his own document. As Bishop Graves long ago proved, the manuscript was written by one Ferdomnach, under the direction of Torbach, *comharb* of Patrick at the Primacy of Armagh. At repeated intervals throughout the manuscript he bids us in the margin to "pray for Ferdomnach"; but this holy wish was quietly erased, no doubt in the hope that the "manu conscripsit sua" would lead to the book being ascribed to Patrick. Such things have been before in ecclesiastical and other history; and how well it succeeded the title "Canoin Phadraig" may show.

Yet, though the book may lack Patrick's own authority, it bears the authority of a ripe enough antiquity, to say nothing of a chequered enough history. Written about the year 807 it rapidly became the object of much veneration. We read in the "Four Masters," under the year 937, that "Canoin-Phadraig was encased by Donnchadh, son of Flann, King of Ireland," and a keeper was appointed who went by the name "Maor na Canoine" (Steward of the Rule, or Canon), and gave rise to the family of MacMoer, that the English turned later into McMoyer. The great King Brian Borumha, on one of his two visits to Armagh in 1004 and 1006, confirmed the Primacy of Armagh, as over the Archbishopric of his own capital Caiseal (finituit pro omnibus regibus maceriae); and on the reverse of folio sixteen his private confessor, Maolsuthain (latinised into *Calvus Perennis*, The Ever-Bald), took advantage of a blank space to have this fact endorsed, and there gave to Brian the title of "Imperatoris Scotorum"—a title, by the way, the significance of which has never yet been properly examined. The history of the various Stewards into whose hands the book came, and thus the history of the book itself, Professor Gwynn traces in one of the chapters of his introduction, resuming, and amplifying with his own arguments, what Dr. Reeves had already stated in his two "Memoirs of the Book of Armagh." The strange history of its travels and adventures itself makes a tale worth the hearing, because with it so much of the history of Ireland is bound. The last MacMoer who had charge of the book on which the most sacred oaths were taken was one Florence McMoyre, a *Ludi-Magister*, and he attempted falsely to swear away the life of Dr. Oliver Plunket, titular Primate of Armagh. Called to London he passed the book out of his care for a loan of money. Fortunately it was still carefully tended, though by more worthy hands; and, from hand to hand, it at last reached Archbishop Beresford, who, with a better sense of dignity and honour than some have shown since in other like matters, did not sell it for hard cash, but presented it to Trinity College, Dublin, where it remains as one of its chiefest glories. It only remained for some distinguished body to add further distinction to itself by publishing the book adequately; and that the Royal Irish Academy have now done.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

* "Liber Ardmachanus: The Book of Armagh." Edited with Introduction and Appendices by John Gwynn, DD., D.C.L. Paper, £1 1s.; cloth facsimile of original polaire, £1 11s. 6d.; leather facsimile, £2 2s. (The Royal Irish Academy.)

TWO HUMORISTS.*

There is only one subject of supreme interest for all of us just now—the War. We live in the shadow of it; we read of it daily, are anxious for the first news of it of a morning, and the last at night. But there are intervals when we feel the need of some sort of relaxation, and are glad to turn for an hour or so to the reading of things that are not horrible or sorrowful, and for such reading one may always safely rely on a book by Pett Ridge or W. W. Jacobs.

Mr. Pett Ridge's new novel, "The Happy Recruit," in spite of its title, is neither of war nor even of military experiences. His hero is Carl Siemens; he arrives from abroad, a little alien, rather mysteriously, with his mother, who dies soon after, leaving him alone in the world with a baby sister. The care of the two children is undertaken by a kindly woman with a drunken husband, and they are brought up amidst the poverty, squalor, and shabby happiness of Bow Creek, in the East End of London. Carl is a new recruit in the great army of London's poor, and he fights in the battle of life as all such civilian soldiers must, and has his defeats and his victories and struggles through at last to be proprietor of a prosperous restaurant and Mayor of his Borough. You follow his rising fortunes and see him as schoolboy at a Council School; on trial as a boxer in the ring; as waiter in a third-rate hotel, in a Bohemian literary club, in a Soho restaurant—his whole career unfolds before you and you make intimate acquaintance with him, his sister, his various employers, the pretty housemaid who wins his love but is not easily won, and a vast variety of men and women who people the motley world in which he lives and moves. It may not be one of Mr. Pett Ridge's best stories but it is a good one, and he has sketched in his various characters with the deftness and humour, the understanding of human character and geniality of outlook that are the charm and distinctive quality of all his work.

In "Night Watches" you have nothing but laughter—another ten of those droll, delightfully humorous stories that have had many imitators but no equals. Only one living writer has the real Jacobs touch, and that is Mr. W. W. Jacobs himself. There is no need to criticise them, it is so

* "The Happy Recruit." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Methuen).
† "Night Watches." By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton).

much better to just enjoy them. We know his incomparable night watchman and are always glad to renew his acquaintance; we know his quaint, shrewd, witty or fatuously sly waterside characters, and would know more and more of them. If any reader thinks them extravagant figments of Mr. Jacobs's imagination—suspects they, with their odd sayings and absurdities of conduct, are too amusingly good to be true, he may be assured that he errs. The other day this present reviewer, being in the right quarter, spent an hour in a curious little waterside inn frequented by the fishing and miscellaneous waterside race; he listened to their conversation, noted their general aspect, was tickled by their conscious and unconscious humour, and came away convinced that either Mr. Jacobs had studied them closely and reproduced them in his pages with amazing fidelity, or they had been studying his books and copying his whimsical style and modelling themselves on his descriptions. It is enough to say that here is a series of new stories by Mr. Jacobs as fresh, as grotesque, as ingeniously funny as any he has written, and if there are a few people about who do not know what that means, "Night Watches" offers them an excellent opportunity of repairing their misfortune.

JOHN MASEFIELD AND WILFRID GIBSON.

Mr. Masefield and Mr. Gibson are, I believe, often connected: I have heard it said that Mr. Gibson's later manner was founded on Mr. Masefield, and I have heard it credibly said that there is no truth in this whatever. Both write about "working men," and make use of words or actions which are supposed to look odd in poetry. Yet neither of them is exactly a "working man," or seems to write of "working men" except in complete detachment, however admiring. Both, perhaps in consequence, have to make up for some lack of reality in the whole by intense and often violent reality in detail. Both are fond of describing the dreams or visions of minds in some kind of ecstasy. But the men themselves must be very different. Mr. Masefield hardly ever fails to depict a thing at its best or worst. He loves "a ship made sparkling for the shore," or one seen on a Christmas Day,

> "Untouched by Time,
> Resting a beauty that no seas could tire,
> Sparkling, as though the midnight's rain were rime,
> Like a man's thought transfigured into fire."

And he likes to sink such a ship, as he does in "The River," as he did in "A Mainsail Haul" long ago. Extremes of calm and storm he loves. Perhaps he is least like Mr. Gibson when he is describing action. That he has no constant sense of drama "Philip the King" makes certain, but physical action is drink to him. The boat-race in "Biography," for example, is all action. Many times he brings before us brief moments of great movement, as in "The Wanderer.":

> "I heard the sea
> Roar past in white procession filled with wrack;
> Intense bright frosty stars burned over me,
>
> And the Greek brig beside us dipped and dipped,
> White to the muzzle like a half-tide rock,
> Drowned to the mainmast with the seas she shipped;
> Her cable-swivels clanged at every shock."

Compared with some writing, this of course, must be said to show rather appreciation of movement than movement itself; but compared with Mr. Gibson's its spirit is vigorous action. Besides, Mr. Masefield is himself always intensely, personally interested in his tale and moral; his violent or extreme words depict him invariably, whether they do the sea and wind.

* "Philip the King, and other Poems." By John Masefield. Portrait by William Strang. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"Thoroughfares" and "Borderlands." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 2s. 6d. net each. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Gibson also admires vigorous activity, but by comparison with Mr. Masefield he possesses none. They are both spectators, to some extent connoisseurs, but Mr. Gibson chiefly so. He never for a moment seems to be or to resemble the thing presented. His style, except in "Bloodybush Edge," lacks movement and even the words of movement, which Mr. Masefield never leaves idle. Where Mr. Gibson seems to be most purely natural is in the lyric:

> "Youth that goes wool-gathering,
> Mooning and star-gazing,
> Always finding everything
> Full of fresh amazing,
> Best will meet the moment's need
> When the dream brings forth the deed.
>
> He who keeps through all his days
> Open eyes of wonder
> Is the lord of skiey ways,
> And the earth thereunder;
> For the heart to do and sing
> Comes of youth's wool-gathering."

It seems likely that with him "the dream brings forth the deed."

The ecstasies in Mr. Masefield's book come while he is "breasting up the fells," or walking forth after storm

> "Upon a glittering earth
> Intensely sparkling like a world new-born."

Mr. Gibson's come to a delirious man in a hospital, to another who has narrowly escaped drowning. When he speaks in his own person it is always humbly and quietly, though it may be with great intensity, as where a cat at a skylight fills

> "My heart with the Fear of the Fen and the Dread of the Hill
> And the Terror that stalks by night through the Wood of Doom."

Even in describing others he keeps them for the most part still; their activity is in recollection or imagination; or they are themselves looking on admiringly at someone active; the camel-keeper looks on the clown in "Hoops," as the poet looks on the young man in "A Vision in a Tea-shop":

> "About him in a blinding glory shone
> The sons of morning singing together for joy."

His poems seem to express an innocent envy of glorious things, a generous admiration of simple and humble things. Only I cannot see what is gained by imagining a hunch-backed camel-keeper who admires a clown, and then letting him speak his admiration as if he were a poet. At least the only gain I can see is that for a camel-keeper to speak so is remarkable, and that his hump makes it pathetic too. Or is it absurd to complain that a camel-keeper should express himself like Mr. Gibson?

In the same way Philip II.'s daughter talks of ships exactly like Mr. Masefield, in the play "Philip the King," and enumerates the men in the Armada, including

> "Passionate half-bloods from the Indian seas."

But Mr. Masefield has felt intensely about so many things in life and books that one must not complain of his ingenuity in getting them expressed. What is more questionable is his turning a good story into an allegory. He will not leave us free to feel what we must about a ship "like a bad woman, she has tasted blood," but will say that he and the rest wondered

> "How next its triumph would compel man's will
> Into compliance with external Fate,
> How next the powers would use her to work ill
> On suffering men; we had not long to wait."

If Mr. Masefield said that *he* wondered, or if he told us something more exact and less abstract about the rest, all would be well. He concludes this story miraculously, incredibly, oleographically. Then, however much must be forgiven to his hotfoot energy, need he so often take any word because it rhymes? In a Berkshire poem he uses

"brae" to rhyme with "way": in "Biography," in a catalogue of "golden instants" he includes the instant

> "When the rent chapel on the brae at Slains
> Shone with a doorway opening beyond brains . . ."

in a song, where he has to rhyme with "water," and a girl announces "she's dead," she says instead:

> "She's met her end,
> That grey-eyed daughter,
> That voice of hers is stilled,
> Her beauty broken."

But no other active poet living can give me half the pleasure Mr. Masefield gives.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE GROWTH OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE.*

Satisfactory histories of Germany are so comparatively rare in English that this volume which Mr. A. W. Holland has written for "The Making of the Nations" series is all the more welcome. To write a history of Germany is one of the most difficult tasks that any historian could undertake owing to the kaleidoscopic manner in which the country was divided and redivided for so many centuries into numerous principalities, each with its maze of shifting relations towards its neighbours. And when, as in the present case, this difficult work has to be confined rigorously within comparatively small limits the task becomes even more hard, and it is no small wonder that certain important events do not get the treatment they deserve and that due proportion has to be sacrificed in order that other events may receive even that minimum of notice which cannot be refused to them. The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 is a notable case in point, and we can only assume that Mr. Holland, in giving so slight a sketch of that great series of events, has, consciously or unconsciously, acted upon the hypothesis that its causes, occurrences and results are so familiar to the present generation as to excuse more extended treatment. In general, however, Mr. Holland shows a scholarly discrimination, and when one considers how little latitude has been allowed him one must congratulate him upon having contrived to make a history so replete with facts as interesting as it is. There are, we notice, one or two errors, as, for example the statement on p. 122 that it was Richard III. of England who in 1377 confirmed the privileges of the Hanseatic merchants; but clearly this is only a slip, and neither it nor the others detract essentially from the value of a most useful piece of work.

WAR†.

Any book which bears upon the title-page the name of Sir George Trevelyan is very welcome, but nothing from the pen of this distinguished historian could be sure of a reception more hearty than that which will be accorded to this volume, which brings to a conclusion a work upon which he has been engaged since 1897. Sir George Trevelyan set himself a great task. It was bravely planned, and has been nobly executed. He has the gift of style, he marshals his facts well, and parades them simply; and if some think that his enthusiasm for Charles James Fox is carried a little too far, not only is it pardonable in a Whig statesman, but few will quarrel with his predilection for a man so lovable. There were never two men more human than George III. and Fox, nor two men less alike. George III. narrow-minded, narrow-visioned; Fox great-hearted and an idealist. The one parsimonious, the other lavish to excess; the king suspicious, the subject generous, sometimes all too generous, in his judgments. Sir George Trevelyan may praise Fox too highly—we should like his book less if he did not say everything he could in favour of a man whose only enemy was his sovereign. Fox's weaknesses, indeed, were more than counterbalanced by his many fine qualities. There are two stories, typical of him, that one loves to read. When the younger Pitt had made his maiden speech in the House of Commons, and some one remarked that the young man would one day be a great Parliamentary figure, "He is so already," said Fox. The Prince of Wales, on hearing of the death of the Duchess of Devonshire, remarked: "Then we have lost the best-bred woman in England." "Then," said Fox, "we have lost the kindest heart in England."

This volume, Sir George Trevelyan states in an "Address to the Reader," was already in print some weeks before the outbreak of the European war, and it therefore contains no allusion whatever to passing events, either direct or covert.

> "There is nothing in the book which the author desires to correct or alter, and the subject matter is not inappropriate to the soul-stirring period in which we are living," he adds. "Regrettable things were done on both sides during the War of Independence; but that war was, in the main, conducted by British and Americans alike after a fashion which their descendants may remember with legitimate pride. Viscount Howe and Sir Guy Carleton, General Greene and General Washington set a memorable example of how it behoves gallant and humane men to comport themselves under the stress of arms. The story of the manly and chivalrous spirit in which, four generations ago, the two great English-speaking nations fought out, and ended, their famous quarrel, is a story that an Englishman need have no scruple about telling even at a moment when his country, with a steadfast and grounded belief in the justice of his cause, is in the throes of war."

The book, as its author urges, appears appositely. Though it contains no allusion to the present War of Independence that is being so urgently waged, the lessons that England learnt from the struggle with America stand out very clearly, We have learnt, first and foremost, the art of governing colonies. In the eighteenth century we drove America into revolt, and lost the United States, to our abiding regret. We perforce accepted the inevitable, and profited so well by what we were taught that to-day every British colony and dependency is fighting side by side with us in the very hour that it was asserted they would take the opportunity to break the shackles that lightly bound them to this country. The true Empire of which Joseph Chamberlain dreamt, and for the consolidation of which he worked so hard, has been founded by the very action that was intended to destroy it.

"If the Archangel Michael had come down from Heaven, with an offer to marshal the hosts of England for battle, George the Third would have felt no hesitation in rejecting his services unless he had voted with the Court on the question of the Middlesex Election," Sir George Trevelyan has written, and the truth of this statement is undeniable. Personal government was the ambition of that monarch, "I and the nation," his watchword. "The nation and I," is the principle that guides our present King. At this moment there is no party, except the British party. The Irish question, which loomed so large, has disappeared, and Ulsterman and Nationalist, putting aside their apparently irreconciliable differences, have combined against the common foe. In the hour of our peril, domestic strife has ceased as if by magic.

We read the story of the history of the American Revolution, so skilfully unfolded by Sir George Trevelyan, with indignation against the King's Ministers who brought about that war, a war that was fought strenuously but generously on both sides. Then we fought to retain a colony whose principles we had wantonly outraged, a colony fighting for its independence; to-day we are fighting for our own independence, for our very existence, for our honour. So far this is a different state of affairs. Wherein it is the same is that we are fighting as strenuously and as generously.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "Germany." By A. W. Holland. 7s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

† "George the Third and Charles Fox: The Concluding Part of the American Revolution." By Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., O.M. In 2 Vols. Vol. II. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE BOOKMAN WAR BOOK SUPPLEMENT.

WAR—PAST AND PRESENT.

Barely three months have passed since the War began, and already we have a large library of books devoted to almost every phase of the campaign so far as anybody has been allowed to learn anything about it. "The Austro-Servian Dispute,"[1] for instance, furnishes a succinct account of the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, "the actual event which gave the first impetus to the greatest war of history," and traces the far-reaching racial differences in Central Europe that have led to the present titanic upheaval. Sir Edward Cook's "How Britain Strove for Peace,"[2] is a masterly exposition of the relations that have subsisted between England and Germany for the last fifteen years. Based on official documents and ministerial speeches, it sets forth how England strove to arrive at an agreement to discontinue the oppressive Naval competition between the two countries, and how Germany negatived every such attempt, recapitulates all our futile diplomatic negotiations and shows how our strenuous efforts to keep the peace of the world were frustrated last August by a long premeditated blow of the mailed fist. Mr. J. M. Kennedy tells the story more in detail in "How the War Began,"[3] with quotations from Parliamentary papers and speeches, and drives home convincingly the truth of Mr. W. L. Courtney's statement in his preface that this "is a war not only against dynastic ambition, but against all those forces of a soulless materialism which sap the very foundations of civilisation and culture." Nothing could be clearer, more comprehensive or more comprehensible than the twelve reasons "Why We Are At War,"[4] that Dr. J. Holland Rose has distilled from the official despatches printed in the Government White Paper; and an excellent popular account of "Why Britain Fights"[5] is given in a pamphlet of that title by Mr. D. J. Medley, who does not, however, touch on the sequence of events that immediately led to the war, but explains the wider issue of the conflict, its social and economic causes, the end that Germany has in view, and what the attainment of that end would mean to the more democratic nations of Europe. A luminous, vigorously written tract on the same theme is Mr. Frederic Harrison's "The Meaning of the War,"[6] He asks, "Why—for whom—for what are we at war?" and answers these enquiries in a brilliant little study that should be read by everyone. A fine trumpet note of confidence rings through his few pages, even though he believes that "since the years just before Trafalgar, Britain has never been so near a tremendous catastrophe as it is this day." He foresees victory, but after long struggle, and he foresees as one outcome of it "the peaceful union of a European confederation," and the passing away of the nightmare of perpetual expectation of war: "I may not live to see it, but I shall die in the conviction that it is to come." That vision of a world renewed and at peace comes also to Mr. H. G. Wells, and in "The War That Will End War,"[7] he discusses in a series of eleven articles Britain's object in taking up arms, the various problems that faced the country in the early days of the war, the problems that will face us when the war is over, and how we should deal with them. Mr. Wells is always stimulating; he is a man of clean-cut, passionate opinions, and a downright manner of stating them that leaves you in no doubt as to his meaning. His humanity, his sound good sense, his idealism—these are as life and wings to his argument; he neither spares our own folly nor the cruel and swaggering egotism of our enemy. Here is one passage out of scores to illustrate his method of coming straight down to hard fact and revealing its significance in a flash:

"We have to reiterate over and over again that we fight resolved that at the end no nationality shall oppress any nationality or language again in Europe for ever, and by way of illustration we want not those ingenious arrangements of figures that touch the Angell imagination, but photographs of the Kaiser in his glory at a review, and photographs of the long, unintelligent, side-long face of the Crown Prince, his son; photographs of that great original Krupp taking his pleasure at Capri and, to set beside these, photographs pitilessly showing men killed and horribly torn upon the battlefield, and men crippled, and women and men murdered, and homes burnt and, to the verge of indecency, all the peculiar filthiness of war."

"The Great War Book"[8] is a perfect *vade mecum*; it is exactly the book that the average man needs to enable him to understand in all its bearings all that is happening. The countries engaged in the war are geographically and historically described; you are told briefly of the events that fore-ran it and how Armageddon came; there are chapters on the navies on the sea and the armies in the field; the raising of Kitchener's new army, on the laws and customs of war, the wonders of modern warfare, the Red Cross organisation, the world's financial crisis, and, among others, an informing chapter on Nietzsche's influence upon Kaiserism—and despite what the curious apologists for Nietzsche may say his influence has been and is there. Two chapters on "Who's Who in the War" and "Places Prominent in the War" should come as a boon and a blessing to the newspaper reader. If you are in search of light upon the character and aspirations of modern Germany and the influences that have helped to mould them, you can scarcely do better than go to the two essays Messrs. Macmillan have reprinted from *The Round Table*, "The War in Europe,"[9] "Germany and the Prussian Spirit,"[10] and to Mr. M. E. Sadler's "Modern Germany and the Modern World."[11] In tone and style they are temperate and eminently reasonable; their analysis of Germany's

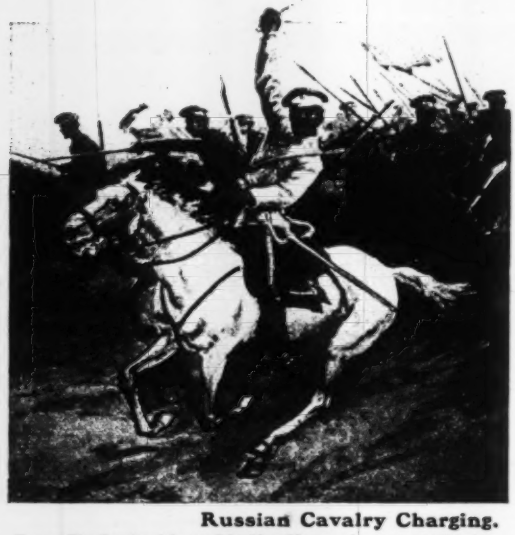
[1] Macmillan. 6d. [2] Macmillan. 2d. [3] Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net. [4] Heffer & Sons. 1d. [5] MacLehose. 1d. [6] Macmillan. 1d. [7] Palmer. 1s. net.

[8] Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net. [9] Macmillan. 6d. [10] Macmillan. 3d. [11] Macmillan. 2d.

THE TRIUMPH OF "CULTURE."

No. 12. [Reproduced by special permission of the proprietors of "Punch."

One of a very successful series of penny postcards (sold in packets of twelve) reproducing *Punch's* Recent War Cartoons by Bernard Partridge, Raven Hill, and F. H. Townsend. Published by Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.



Russian Cavalry Charging.

From "The Russian Advance" by Marr Murray, the newest addition to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's "*Daily Telegraph* War Books."

mental and moral qualities is as just as it is severe. The writer of "Germany and the Prussian Spirit" draws a vivid, picturesque comparison between the German of the past and of the present that is curiously suggestive:

"The name of Germany calls to mind two dissimilar human types. The one, sanctioned by a moribund tradition, is a genial, wool-gathering professor in a formidable pair of spectacles, untidy of habit and far from athletic in form, the dedicated slave rather than the possessor of several large note-books and a collecting-box. . . . The other type of German is in spirit the absolute antithesis of the professor, though he conceals a strong touch of the professor under his uniform. He is a military figure of imposing build, helmeted, cuirassed and spurred, with upturned moustaches, a commanding eye, and a powerful arm encased in mail. This warrior type has come into existence, so far as the British public is concerned, only during the present century. We have regarded it with increasing dislike and anxiety, as a somewhat uncivilised *parvenu* in the comity of nations. It has, to our eye, an outline of primitive and almost brutal suggestion like the rudimentary masses favoured by modern German architecture. Contrasted with the public school type which we prefer, it calls to mind a strong and clever, but ungentlemanly, bully. Like John Bull or Uncle Sam, these two German figures are, of course, merely the rough types of popular caricature; but like all such types they represent an instinctive popular judgment which is seldom very much astray. In the case of Germany, as in other cases, the two figures are founded on broad truth, and they epitomise together in a very significant way the origin and character of the German Empire. The transformation of the one into the other is one of the most remarkable events in history. Even so Faust, calling in a dangerous doctor for the trouble of his soul, abandons his study, his books, his tubes and retorts, his doctor's gown, in order to live the worldly life he has hitherto despised."

Other very handy and serviceable books for the newspaper reader are Mr. D'Auvergne's "A.B.C. Guide to the War,"[12] a concise encyclopædia of the persons, countries and armies concerned in it; and "War Facts and Figures,"[13] edited by Mr. Charles K. Sugden, a comprehensive Enquire-Within-Upon-Everything relating to the Great War and a gazetteer of fortified towns and places of strategic value.

Perhaps the most important public pronouncements made since the outbreak of war are the "King's Message to his People Overseas"; and the great recruiting speeches of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. These are all published now as penny pamphlets, and should be, and assuredly will be circulated broadcast.[14] Messrs. Jarrold issue in simple and fitting form the "Prayers in Time of War,"[15] prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Boyd Carpenter, the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of Lincoln, and other distinguished clergymen. Few things are more difficult of decision than "What ought to be the Christian's attitude towards war in general?" Mr. Paul B. Bull has set himself the onerous task of defining that attitude in "Our Duty at Home in Time of War,"[16] and though you may not agree with all the opinions he utters by the way, you will find his booklet thoughtful and helpful. The same author's "God and our Soldiers"[17] is a timely re-issue of the narrative of his experiences with our soldiers during the Boer War. It won commendations from Lord Roberts and Sir John French, and in a foreword General Sir Charles Douglas urges that it should be "in the hands of the young soldiers as a means of giving them an insight into the lives and actions of their brothers in arms during the South African War."

Mr. Wells lays it down in one of his chapters of "The War to End War," that "until the mind of Germany is changed there can be no safe peace on earth." And everybody who has read what is the most important book of revelations in this regard, Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War,"[18] will recognise the truth of his assertion. For the general mind of Germany, its conception of its own destiny, its ambitions, its duties towards itself and its neighbours, has in Bernhardi a frank and most uncompromising spokesman. The Kaiser and Germany's ruling caste have adopted or helped to inspire his doctrines, which have filtered down and sunk into the national consciousness and blown it with blustering pride in the strength and importance of the German people and their predestined mission as a world-dominating Power. Here, in this book, is a key to the needless and appalling brutalities that have disgraced the arms of Germany; for Bernhardi is the true prophet of German Imperialism; he has absorbed and codified and intensified the perverted national morality; but we shall know the real value of his arrogant, bloody-minded philosophy by the time this war is ended. Take a few of his maxims, as they appear in two of his books, "Germany and the Next War," and "How Germany Makes War." In the former he holds that war is "the greatest factor in the furtherance of culture and power"; he considers that "war is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of culture, in which a true civilised nation finds the highest expression of strength and vitality. . . . Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war," which, of course, is a revival of the stupid, mediæval practice of trial by combat, when the weak, innocent man who had never handled a sword being put up to fight a martial accuser was considered guilty if he got killed. He argues that "character does not obtain due respect" in times of peace; but that is true only of the military character, and character has other and even higher ways of expressing itself. He agrees with his forerunner, Treitschke, that "war is elevating"; he even makes the fatuous assertion that "the love which a man showed to another country as such would imply a want of love for his own countrymen," His conception of Christian ideals is ludicrous; by a juggle of the most bare-faced sophistries he argues that "combat, moral combat" is the very essence of Christianity, and "if we transfer the ideas of Christianity to the sphere of politics," we are able to satisfy ourselves that "according to Christianity we cannot disapprove of war in itself, but must admit that it is justified morally and historically." Christ's adjuration that we should love our enemies, he explains, refers only to individual enemies. He passes over the other command that "thou shalt commit no murder" with silent disapproval. Presumably he would feel that murder by retail is a sin, but wholesale murder is a virtue. The Bible annotated by Bernhardi would be a distinctly precious document. He thinks that "the efforts directed towards the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral, and must be stigmatised as unworthy of the human race"; he breaks out lyrically about "the inevitableness, the idealism, and the blessing of war." The notion that "the weak nation is to have the same right to live as the powerful and vigorous nation" rouses him to indignation. In a word, his gospel is simply

[12] Werner Laurie. 1s. net. [13] Leopold B. Hill. 6d. net. [14] Methuen. 1d. each. [15] Jarrold. 3d. net.

[16] Mowbray. 2d. [17] Mowbray. 1s. net. [18] Arnold. 2s. net.

the gospel of the bully, the brigand, the unimaginative aborigine who can conceive of no nobler state of existence than the being able to swagger abroad with his less assertive neighbour's scalp hanging from his belt.

The same bellicose, narrow-minded conception of life plays through the pages of his "How Germany Makes War."[19] Force is his god; he is a monomaniac on the subject of German expansion and aggrandisement; all the learning, the intellect, the culture, all the good things of the world are German, therefore it is a just and even holy undertaking to manufacture war machines and go forth to crush and slaughter other nations in order that any survivors may be beneficently inoculated with the truth as it is known in Germany. He is as short-sighted, for all his logic and his astuteness, as the most spectacled of Prussian professors. He and his like firmly believed that when Bismarck humbled France and filched two of her provinces he was laying the lasting foundations of a great German empire; but we can see now that he was, in reality, but digging its grave, and we have every confidence that it will not be long now before that grave receives its tenant. Read these two books—no man who does not can realise to the full what the present struggle means—and read also the reissue of Professor Roland G. Usher's important study of "Pan-Germanism,"[20] which will make it clear as daylight to you that "the Germans aim at nothing less than the domination of Europe and of the world by the Germanic race"; the new edition of "Germany's Swelled Head,"[21] by Dr. Emil Reich, who, although he was an Austrian, had no sympathy with the preposterous pretensions of the Kaiser and his fiercely egotistical professors and military chiefs—Reich ridicules the contention that all the great nations of Europe and most of the small ones are essentially German, and ought to be gathered up into one Universal Germany, that all the world's greatest men, not excepting Christ, were of German origin, and he accurately foretold the end towards which such bedlam boastfulness was leading. In "The Kaiser Unmasked"[22] Mr. Frank Mundell takes up this topic of the overweening, self-esteem that has made Germany a public nuisance for years past, and deftly exemplifies it with reproductions of the Kaiser's speeches, sermons, addresses and other manifestoes; and "The German Empire's Hour of Destiny,"[23] by Colonel H. Frobenius, helps to justify these critics in their verdicts by restating the German case from their own side, and restating it, if less ably and less dogmatically than Bernhardi, with all Bernhardi's conviction of Germany's unapproachable greatness, and the invincibility of her armies. No wonder the Kaiser sent his famous message of contempt concerning England's soldiers; all the Prussian authors of the Bernhardi type had quite satisfied themselves that England had become a degenerate, peace-loving people and could be reckoned with and disposed of pretty easily; and the egregious Crown Prince sent a telegram to Colonel Frobenius congratulating him on his book, whilst the Kaiser is known to have studied and put his faith in Bernhardi's lucubrations. They are now finding out a few of the mistakes that were made by their favourite authors and will be in a position to assist them in making the necessary corrections for new editions. Meanwhile, they may learn of their mistakes by reading "A Scrap of Paper,"[24] Dr. E. J. Dillon's incisive inner history of German diplomacy and her scheme of world-wide conquest—one of the few new books of the day that will survive it and hold a permanent place among the records of recent events.

Testimony to the value of Bernhardi's "Cavalry"[25] (a popular edition of his "Cavalry in Peace and War") is borne in a preface by Sir John French. Bernhardi is himself a distinguished cavalry officer, and to say that our own most brilliant officer in that service has a high sense of the soundness of the German's teachings in this book leaves no more to be said. The German army has been fashioned with one aim, says the author of "The German Army from Within,"[26] and that is world-war, with world-domination for its outcome, and he has written this valuable and interesting analysis of "the mechanism of the mightiest machine of destruction that the world has yet produced," from his personal experiences as a British officer who has served in it. From similar inside experience Mr. W. Barnes Stevens describes the Russian commanders and soldiers and the workings of "The Russian Army from Within."[27] The greatest book ever written in its kind was Clausewitz's "On War," and "In the Reality of War"[28] Major Stewart L. Murray has epitomised its teachings and called attention to its most significant passages. It is a popular manual of war's realities that, as the editor, Mr. Hilliard Atteridge observes, "should be read not only by soldiers, but by every one who takes an intelligent interest in the great events of our time."

Two sound, well-informed little books, the first in a series that is to include all the nations involved in the present crisis, are "Germany and the German People,"[29] and "France and the French People."[30] Briefly, and in an admirable spirit of fairness, they trace the origins and histories of the countries dealt with, discuss their politics and religion, their commerce, literature, manners and customs, ideals and ambitions. They are well written and well arranged and make a promising beginning of what should prove a very successful series. For obvious

[19] Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net. [20] Constable. 2s. net. [21] Melrose. 1s. net. [22] Jarrold. 1s. net. [23] John Long. 2s. net. [24] Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net. [25] Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net. [26] Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net. [27] Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net. [28] Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net. [29-30] Simpkin Marshall. 1s. net each.

"Whenever a prize was captured she had to be sent off at once to the nearest port."

From "The Book of the Blue Sea," by Henry Newbolt. Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Norman Wilkinson (Longmans).

Mr. Saint Nihal Singh,

whose two new books, "India's Fighters" and "The King's Indian Allies," books about the Rajas who have rallied to the Union Jack and about the Indian soldiers who are now fighting for the Empire, will be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

reasons there are not yet many books that attempt to narrate the actual progress of the war so far as it has gone. There are two that are alive with human interest and give personal glimpses of the first four or five weeks of the fighting as it may be obtained from the letters sent home by the soldiers and sailors: "In the Firing Line: Heroes of the War by Land and Sea," by A. St. John Adcock,[31] and "Atkins at War: As Told in His Own Letters," by James A. Kilpatrick.[32] As was to have been expected, there are several books specially devoted to Belgium and the immortal stand she made in the early stages of the war; notable among these are "The Siege of Liége,"[33] by Dr. Paul Hamelius, a lecturer at Liége University and an eye-witness of the things he tells; "The Campaign Round Liége,"[34] by J. M. Kennedy, with an introduction by. W. L Courtney; "Captive of the Kaiser in Belgium,"[35] by Georges La Barre, with a record of the fall of Namur; and "Brave Belgium: Her History and her People,"[36] by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport.

"Lord Kitchener,"[37] by the author of "King Edward the Seventh," is a new and very good biography of our great organiser of victory; and "Lord Kitchener,"[38] by Horace G. Groser, is a new edition brought up to date of a book that won wide acceptance on its first appearance. "The Secret History of the Court of Berlin,"[39] by Henry W. Fischer, contains a good deal of back-stair gossip and small beer; you read it with a feeling that you are peering through keyholes and listening at cracks of doors, but within those limits it does give you strange peeps at the private lives of the Kaiser and his consort, for it is compiled from the papers and diaries of one of the Empress's Ladies in Waiting. The special constable is provided with a handy manual in "The Special Constable: His Duties and Privileges"[40]; and with so many Belgian refugees now living amongst us there should be a large demand for Mr. E. V. Bisschop's "Flemish-English Phrase Book."[41]

Mr. Archibald Hurd's authoritative conspectus of the navies of Great Britain and her Allies and her enemies, "The Fleets at War,"[42] is an indispensable guide for all who are following the doings of the senior service on the great waters; and Mr. Fred Jane's "British Ships,"[43] a naval recognition book instructing you how to identify ships at sea, and illustrated with silhouettes of British fighting ships, is a most serviceable work of reference, the more serviceable because it can be understood at a glance. Commander E. Hamilton Currey has written an exhaustive and thoroughly entertaining, well illustrated story of "The Man-of-War,"[44] what she has done and what she is doing—a story of our great sea-fights of the past, and of the development of the modern Dreadnought; and it is of great sea-fighting in the past, too, that Mr. Henry Newbolt tells in "The Book of the Blue Sea"[45]—a fascinating volume that comes this year in place of another of Andrew Lang's Fairy Book series for Christmas reading. It is illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Norman Wilkinson, and tells five capital tales of the sea in the graphic, realistic manner that boys love—six, if you include, as you must, the greatest tale of them all and the finest and most detailed narrative we have ever read of the battle of Trafalgar.

[31] Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net. [32] Herbert Jenkins. 1s. net. [33] Werner Laurie. 1s. net. [34] Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net. [35] Mills & Boon. 1s. net. [36] Palmer. 6d. net. [37] Nisbet. 1s. net. [38] Pearson. 1s. net. [39] John Long. 1s. net. [40] Pearson. 1s. net. [41] Leopold B. Hill. 6d. net. [42] Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net. [43] Sampson Low. 1s. net. [44] Jack. 3s. 6d. net. [45] Longmans. 5s. net.

The one book of humorous verse that the war has evoked is Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Swollen-Headed William,"[46] a delightfully amusing travesty of the old German morality, "Struwwelpeter," quaintly illustrated by Mr. George Morrow; but it has given us eight books of serious verse, to say nothing of a broadsheet edition of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's breezy "Ballad of The Gloster and The Goben,"[47] and Messrs. Methuen's penny editions of Kipling's "Hymn Before Action," "The Recessional," and "For All We Have and Are"; Alfred Noyes's "The Searchlights," and Bret Harte's poignant lyric, "The Réveillé." With one exception the eight are anthologies, five of general poetry relating to war, liberty and the love of country: "Remember Louvain,"[48] compiled by E. V. L.; "The Country's Call,"[49] compiled by E. B. and Marie Sargant; "Patriotic Songs and Poems"[50]; "Lord God of Battles,"[51] compiled by A. E. Manning Foster, and "Patriotic Poems,"[52] selected by R. M. Leonard; two, "Songs and Sonnets for England in War Time,"[53] and "Poems of the Great War,"[54] are collections of the poems of the Great War that have recently appeared in the newspapers; and the exception is Mr. Fred J. Johnston-Smith's "Union Jack Lyrics,"[55] which are all his own, and make up in sincerity and patriotic ardour for anything they may lack of poetical quality.

"The Fight at Dame Europa's School,"[56] and "The Battle of Dorking"[57] are reprints of two books that were immensely popular in their day—the one a tale of an imaginary invasion of England, the other a satirical version of the Franco-Prussian war, showing "how the German boy thrashed the French boy and the English boy looked on." The story of the same war is retold well and vividly by Mr. H. C. Bailey in "Forty Years After"[58]; and "Great Battles of the World"[59] contains Stephen Crane's brilliantly realistic accounts of eight of the most famous battles of the past. There is no room here to do more than recommend readers in search of stirring and sensational fiction to get "The Enemy in our Midst,"[60] Mr. Walter Wood's story of a German invasion, and the cheap re-issue of Lieutenant Bilse's powerful sentational novel, "Life in a Garrison Town,"[61] which on its publication in Germany was suppressed by the Government. One last book—the last in two senses, for it is also, to this hour of writing, the latest arrival that has a direct bearing on the war—is "Germany's Great Lie,"[62] in which Mr. Douglas Sladen shrewdly and convincingly controverts the official German account of the circumstances that brought about the war. Reprinting in roman type the amazing and, in England, unobtainable book "Truth About Germany: Facts about the War," which was prepared by a committee of influential Germans with the special object of appealing to the sympathies of America, Mr. Sladen exposes almost every one of its statements, printing his remarks, or extracts from white papers and official reports, in italics immediately after each passage he answers. He explodes and discredits completely the official German misrepresentation and justification of the mendacious and dishonourable German diplomacy that immediately preceded the outbreak of hostilities, and clinches upon the Kaiser and his advisers beyond all question the responsibility for the scourge now that is devastating Europe. Mr. Sladen has done a very appreciable national service in making this astounding German book accessible to English readers and in carefully and capably dissecting its subtleties, testing and proving its falsities and nailing them smartly to the counter. The nation that could condescend to such sheer lying as Mr. Sladen exposes here has not got much farther to fall, anyhow.

[46] Methuen. 1s. net. [47] Poetry Book Shop. 2d. [48] Methuen. 1s. net. [49] Macmillan. 2d. [50] Erskine Macdonald. 1d. [51] Cope & Fenwick. 1s. net. [52] Humphrey Milford. 1s. net. [53] Lane. 1s. net. [54] Chatto & Windus. 1s. net. [55] Erskine Macdonald. 6d. net. [56] Simpkin, Marshall. 6d. net. [57] Grant Richards. 6d. net. [58-59] Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net each. [60] John Long. 1s. net. [61] John Lane. 1s. net. [62] Hutchinson. 2s. net.

ARNOLD BENNETT'S LATEST.*

Perhaps it is advisable to say at once that in taking up Mr. Arnold Bennett's latest novel the reader will do well not to anticipate from him this time another "Clayhanger" or "Old Wives' Tale." Those splendid books were based on the associations of the author's childhood, and had the benefit of the child's retentive memory and automatic registering of impressions. For them Mr. Bennett could command a wealth of details which by their cumulative arrangement and photographic minuteness produced a singularly convincing effect of realism. When he transfers his attention from the Five Towns of his youth to the Five Towns of to-day this resource is no longer at his disposal, with the result that even had he as good a story to tell in "The Price of Love" as in the biographies of Edwin Clayhanger and the Baines' sisters, an idea of comparative thinness must inevitably be conveyed. It may well be that Bursley, Kype, and the rest are less rich in types and "characters" than they were a generation ago, that the life of these places has lost a little of its more individual quality in approximating to the average of civic England, that along with something of the bleakness of its temper has gone certain compensating features—the ardour in evangelical religion, the joviality of the local feasts, the earnestness of the volunteer choirs. What is certain is that though his art achieves its ends as deftly and easily as ever, there is an air of superficiality about Mr. Bennett's chronicle of his Five Towns contemporaries which the masterpieces of earlier days never betrayed.

Let us, however, do justice to this admirable craftsman. Neither in scale nor in tone has he attempted on the present occasion to rival his more serious works of fiction. The lightness of his touch is calculated no less than the unpretentiousness of his plot-material. "The Price of Love" hardly aims at more than providing entertainment for an idle hour. Without surrendering himself here as in "The Card" to the lead of whimsical fantasy or the promptings of farce, Mr. Bennett hardly extends himself more than in that sprightly *jeu d'esprit*. This is a tale of domesticity, almost mid-Victorian in pattern, its ingenuousness occasionally relieved by streaks of burlesque. Rachel, so busy at her tasks of polishing the silver and keeping spotless the furniture of the gentle old lady she serves, so full of sweet illusions about the scamp she loves, is among the most old-fashioned of modern heroines. The whole scheme of the book, divided between the mystery of the lost bank notes and the disillusion of the girl over her dishonest husband, reminds one of the simple stories in which our maiden aunts took delight. Can it be Arnold Bennett, we ask ourselves rubbing our eyes, the champion of youth's revolt against age, the moralist so full of sympathy with the generation knocking at the door, who thus harks back to the conventions of the past? And then when we have got used to the transformation we bow to the novelist's caprice in delight at the skill with which he manages his revival of the mid-Victorian domestic romance.

For his technique remains masterly, his dialogue combines the old wit and humour, his knack of character drawing has forgone none of its neatness. Councillor Batchgrew with "his crimson, shiny face, and the vermilion rims round his unsteady eyes, and his elephant ears, and the absurd streaming of his white whiskers, and his multitudinous noiseness" is as real a figure as any of Mr. Bennett's Five Towns originals. And equally good is Julian Maldon, who could not do or say a gracious thing if it were to save his life. They are stippled in lightly these portraits; you know them, on the author's introduction, rather as acquaintances than as friends; indeed you are not sure you want to cultivate them at close quarters, so repelled are you permitted to be by their manners, so ready are you to take for granted and leave unexplored the decency of their intentions. You do not get to the bottom of them and love them as you do old Clayhanger, who is at first meeting quite as grim-seeming a Midlander. But they are hit off most amusingly and most faithfully none the less. Mr. Arnold Bennett is never less than an artist in his least ambitious flights, and those who cannot enjoy every page of his new volume are to be heartily pitied.

F. G. BETTANY.

* "The Price of Love." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

ARTHUR OF BRITAIN.*

Since Caxton published Sir Thomas Malory's prose version of the chief Arthurian legends in the "Morte D'Arthur," those wonderful romances have haunted our literature all down the years. Milton considered them as a fitting theme for a great epic, before he wrote "Paradise Lost"; that worst of poets, Sir Richard Blackmore, founded his "Prince Arthur," one of the worst of epics, upon them; they supplied subjects for innumerable ballads and poems before Tennyson recast them and made them his own in "The Idylls of the King." But nobody has supplanted Malory; nowhere except in his pages do the glamorous old legends retain their beautiful simplicity, their rich quaintness, and the colour and atmosphere of the Middle Ages that are essential to the full expression of those phases of life and thought they represent. There is scarcely a breath of the Middle Ages in Tennyson; he turns the ancient lore into great poetry, but it is a poetry of modern thought and feeling.

One considerable virtue of Mr. Reginald Buckley's "Arthur of Britain" is that it does recapture the right mediæval spirit of the Arthurian legends. For sheer poetical beauty his rendering will not compare with Tennyson's, but then he does not challenge that comparison. His aim has been to reconstruct and recreate the dramatic substance of them "so that one has at once a cycle of dramatic poems, personal in expression and national in subject and bearing." He has sought to do for them what Wagner did for the great legendary tales of Germany, and there is no doubt his work can only be justly appraised when it is seen on the stage, with the adjuncts of scenery and musical setting for which it was desiged. He substitutes for the formal measure of conventional blank verse an irregular metrical harmony that he uses subtly and effectively, varying its cadences to suit the changing moods of his theme. The cycle is made up out of four of the legends: "The Birth of Arthur," "The Round Table," "The Holy Grail," and "The Death of Arthur." These stories Mr. Buckley unfolds with a keen sense of their dramatic properties, a sensitive feeling for the picturesque romance and poetry of them; there is real imaginative power in his narrative, and he has had the art to make the old tales fresh and new without modernising them either in form or manner.

We gather from a preface that a movement is afoot to establish a British Bayreuth at Glastonbury; that a theatre is to be built there for the adequate production of this impressive drama-cycle in conjunction with the musical setting of Mr. Rutland Boughton, and one may congratulate Mr. Buckley on his thus achieving the end towards which he has been working since he first planned "Arthur of Britain" some ten years ago. Meanwhile, he has written a series of poetical plays of signal merit and distinction, and the story and dramatic forcefulness that hold the interest of the reader in them augur well for their success when they are presented on the stage for which they are obviously adapted.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ITALIAN PAINTING.†

Despite its title, this book is scarcely a History of Italian Painting. Rather, it is a catalogue of Italian Painters, but a complicated catalogue, overweighted by criticism, and somewhat deficient, we would submit, in the clear exposition and illustration which alone could make this

* "Arthur of Britain." By Reginald R. Buckley. 5s. net. (Williams & Norgate).

† "A Short History of Italian Painting." By Alice V. V. Brown and William Rankine. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

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criticism really valuable. The industry of the authors, however, is unquestionable. The book has an appendix of nearly one hundred pages of index to painters, to collections of paintings, and books; and as a handy volume of reference doubtless will be useful.

The authors say: "A true estimate of schools and masters is now seen to rest upon the correct attribution of individual works of art, and this attribution depends upon the expert weighing of evidence for the authenticity of examples traditionally or otherwise attributed."

Now this matter of attributions is not at all, necessarily, tedious or dull. On the contrary, if the evidence be given at first hand by the expert, it may be made extremely interesting, even to the beginner. If, for instance, we go a hunting through the great galleries of Europe with Morelli, we can be immensely excited by being shown the different ways of drawing the lobe of an ear, and can readily follow Morelli's reasons for attributing one drawing to Leonardo and another to Lorenzo di Credi. We find Cosima Tura and Lorenzo Costa conclusively different in their manner of drawing the knuckles of a hand.

We see all these differences because Morelli illustrates them clearly. We are interested, because to Morelli, in his enthusiasm, they are a matter as of life or death. The coreggiosity of Coreggio is thrilling when you are, as it were, following a detective story and proving the coreggiosity was never produced by Coreggio at all. But it is not thrilling to read such a description as this of a painting by Timoteo Viti: "The poses of Costa appear with greater realism, as in the angel and dog—some Umbro-Florentine feeling indeed." We can sympathise with a distracted beginner (the book is written for "beginners") who shall cry out upon this, What angel? What dog? For no information whatever is given about either one or the other, and that they were Umbro-Florentine is a statement the hapless "beginner" must perforce accept with faith, since, be it spoken with reverence, none of the peculiarities of this breed are pointed out to him. Without illustration, or particulars of some kind, how can either the angel or the dog have any entity at all for our "beginner"? They must be relegated to Carlyle's "shoreless sea of Phantasms."

However, something is done for the hard-worked student, for he is warned off certain books by being told they are "heavy," though the authors' style itself is perhaps not very exhilarating. He is encouraged to read "'Romola,' by George Eliot," by the assurance that this work is, "in general, correct in fact and detail." If we complained that the contributions of Thomas Carlyle towards art criticism are ignored, the authors might be justly offended. Yet, after all, the Seer of Ecclefechan has something to say to the point. "Why is it that Pictures exist in this world, and to what end was the divine art of Painting bestowed by the earnest gods upon poor mankind?" He does not really weaken the force of such a tremendous riddle when he adds his opinion that he considers the "Flaying of St. Bartholomew," and "Piping and Amours of Goat-footed Pan" to be ugly and unworthy, fabulous, unimportant "and not to say impossible."

F. EMILY PHILLIPS.

Novel Notes.

MEN OF THE DEEP WATERS. By W. Hope Hodgson. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Hope Hodgson has not gone to work in the orthodox way and put his best stories first in this book; but that is not the only sense in which he is unorthodox. "On the Bridge" is a very vivid sketch—a brilliant bit of imaginative realism, and "The Sea Horses," which has second place, is a story of no little charm, though the sentiment is now and then in need of a restraining touch; it is when you come to "The Derelict," and "From the Tideless Sea" that you find Mr. Hodgson right at home, where he belongs; these, with "The Voice in the Night," "Through the Vortex of a Cyclone," and "The Mystery of the Derelict," are stories that, in their kind, would add something to the reputation of any living novelist. They grip you, as Poe's grim stories do, by their subtle artistry and sheer imaginative power. In fashioning his most uncanny, most supernormal occurrences his imagination so completely realises them that he describes them, and what led up to them, and all their environment with a minuteness of detail that makes them convincingly real to a reader's apprehension. The fury and terror of storm at sea has never been more impressively pictured than it is in Mr. Hodgson's wonderful description of how the four-masted barque, *Golconda*, was drawn into the mighty vortex of a cyclone; and of the mystery, the perils, the loneliness of the sea, the almost unthinkable horrors that lurk waiting for the castaway in its unknown places, we have read few stories equal to the others we have named. No lover of tales of mystery and imagination that are also good literature should miss this book.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE. By E. Hamilton Moore. 6s. (Erskine Macdonald.)

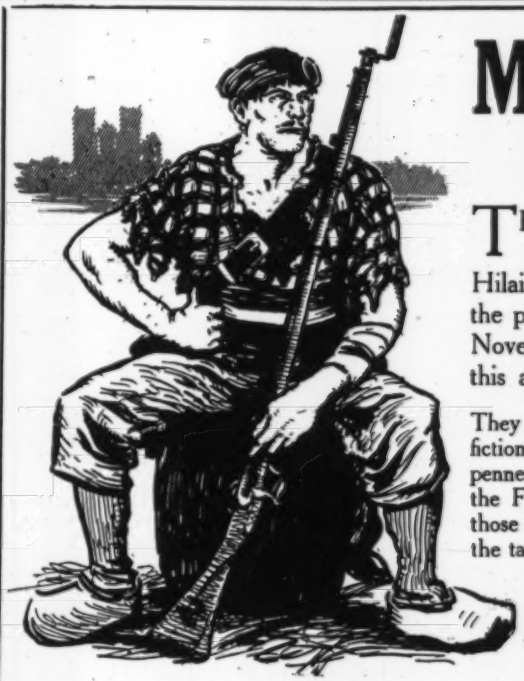
A sense of tragedy broods over Miss E. Hamilton Moore's new story; there is in it something of the gloomy beauty of a threatening storm, when the eye may be taken with some wondrous effect of light and shade the while "o'er all there broods the shadow of a fear," imparting a sense of the inevitability of doom. The story is that of an independent young artist, self-centred, self-sufficient, until there comes the awakening shock which rouses him at tragic cost; it is a narrative of self-revelation, psychological, emotional, in which the author depends but little upon incident or description—she does not even give the disturbing intruder into the garden of love a name. The young artist is summoned by a friend, a heroic invalid, to stay with him at a fascinating place on the Spanish coast, and there after flirting with Dionysia, one of a quintette of girls, he falls in love with Dolores, the Cinderella of the group of cousins, and so opens the way for tragedy—the tragedy that comes of selfishness, jealousy and self-sacrifice. Readers may feel impatient with the artist, may feel that Dolores lets herself go all too easily, that as dreams and visions play their parts in the story so is there something of dreamlike unreality over the whole; yet they will surely agree in finding a note of true literary distinction in the style in which the story is told. The author has a fine feeling for expression which, if it sometimes leads to exaggeration, is frequently impressive; indeed, it is by the charm of its telling rather than by the story told that the "Garden of Love" holds and delights us.

PRINCE AND HERETIC. By Marjorie Bowen. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Prince and Heretic" is a vivid, romantic story, written with a verve and picturesqueness which will add much to the popularity of the author of "The Viper of Milan." Those who have much to do with the making of books, in the selection of what shall see the light, and what shall pass into, at least, momentary oblivion, have been warned, willy nilly, that the day of the historical novel is in the calendar of yesterday; but, judging from recent experience, it looks as though there is a rejuvenation in such fiction. Of course, a writer of proved excellence as Miss Bowen, is always sure of a sympathetic public, and she has given of her very best historical conception, in this new story, which—and what a period of romance it was!—concerns Philip of Spain and William of Orange. It will be remembered how violent and bitter a struggle went on in those days in the Netherlands, the upshot of which was the Dutch Republic. We shall place "Prince and Heretic" next to Motley, as a kind of a sweet!

THE GREAT MIRACLE. By J. P. Vanewords. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

For young as well as older readers, says the wrapper, and it certainly is difficult to say which of the two, schoolboy or sage, will read this audaciously-planned story with



STORIES OF THE
French Revolution
By HILAIRE BELLOC.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC for "THE PREMIER."

THERE is, perhaps, no writer whose name is more in the public mind at the present time than Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and the greatest interest is aroused by the publication in the December "PREMIER" (ready November 4th—4½d.) of the first of a set of stories by this author.

They are termed "stories" advisedly, for although they are not fiction, they are perhaps more fascinating than any fiction ever penned. Mr. Belloc has taken as his theme the stirring days of the French Revolution, and it is of the romantic episodes of those days that he writes. No writer could be more fitted for the task. Mr. Belloc has made a deep study of the Days of the Terror, and is the author of many books on the subject. The first story appearing in the November 4th issue is

"The Story of the Flight to Varennes"

and never has the tale of that romantic night in history being better told. Other contributors to this splendid issue of "THE PREMIER" Magazine include:—John Oxenham, Mary E. Mann, Rex Beach, William Le Queux, W. Dane Bank, Guy Thorne, Sax Rohmer, etc.

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the greater relish. For our part, if called upon to give a public reading from its pages, we would prefer our audience to be made up of sages rather than schoolboys, an ordinarily intelligent and imaginative child would ask too many questions, and we fancy even the author himself would soon retire from the ordeal "stumped." Your experienced teller of fairy tales, however, knows how to brush aside awkward questions, and "The Great Miracle" has the distinction of being a fairy tale as fanciful and engrossing as the wildest dream, yet possessing withal a modern cosmopolitan setting and something of the satirical atmosphere of a topical revue. It sets forth in matter-of-fact terms the amazing adventures of an auctioneer's clerk who, with the aid of a mystical spell, laughs at prison walls, sinks a battleship, stops a prize-fight, and sways the fortunes of kings and countries. The spell in question confers on him immunity from death, injury, or pain, as well as the power of passing through solid matter, and the chief conditions stipulated are that a certain formula must be repeated daily and that the spell must not be used for purposes of revenge. There are many dramatic moments in which the spell fails, or all but fails, owing to the machinations of a mysterious "man in grey." In the hands of an imaginative producer "The Great Miracle" would make a striking film drama.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER. By Baroness Orczy. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The hero of Baroness Orczy's latest novel is no other than the original of the famous painting by Frans Hals in the Wallace Collection, from which it takes its title. As the painter contrived to get the spirit of laughter into his picture, so does the author capture it in her book, and the jovial personality of the Laughing Cavalier swaggers through her pages with all the gallantry and great-heartedness we expect from the genial cavalier whose twinkling eyes have called a smile to so many lips. It is a dashing, well-imagined story full of adventure and excitement, with the glow and colour in it we have learned to look for from Baroness Orczy's versatile pen. The hero, one of three Dutch philosophers, is known by the name of Diogenes, a big, gallant, genial man, with a witty tongue and a very admirable courage. He meets good and ill-luck with the same cheery optimism, and even death itself cannot scare him or silence the jests on his tongue. The plot is ingenious, and full of incident, and it goes without saying that it makes a thoroughly good story, and one that is every way worthy of the author of the immortal "Scarlet Pimpernel."

The Bookman's Table.

RUDYARD KIPLING. By G. Thurston Hopkins. 2s. 6d. net. (Digby, Long.)

The author himself, no doubt, would not claim his book to be an elaborate critical study of Mr. Kipling's literary achievement. It is just a snap-book of impressions, interspersed with descriptions of Mr. Kipling's attitude, table-talk, personality and so forth. A number of pages are devoted to miscellaneous notes, references and a partial bibliography. The book is, in fact, a rather hasty and haphazard sketch, not of Kipling, but of what we may call Kiplingiana. The author, in fact, hardly approaches his subject from the æsthetic point of view. He writes simply as an average man who likes the "message" and aroma of Mr. Kipling, and so throws out some occasional reflections about him. Assuming the validity of this attitude, he makes a mistake, we think, in concluding that the critics who quarrel with Mr. Kipling's verse, are actuated by political, rather than artistic motives. It is true, no doubt, that people of anti-Imperialist temper dislike the tone of Mr. Kipling's patriotic poems; but it is emphatically untrue that there do not exist observers who regard

Rudyard Kipling.
A caricature by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.
From "Rudyard Kipling," by R. Thurston Hopkins (Digby, Long).

his accomplishment as a fault, regarded solely from the angle of literature. The substantial charge against Mr. Kipling's verse is, of course, its opportunist character. He writes active and not meditative verse, because his inspiration is directed towards immediate and not ultimate issues. Much of his verse is ephemeral, for the simple reason that it is based on ephemeral things and not on the universal laws of beauty. But his short stories, which Mr. Hopkins might have discussed more amply and consecutively, are in a very different category. A few of them, in their intimate knowledge of the canons and exigencies of perhaps the most intricate and difficult of all the arts forms, are the very best that our literature has produced. That is not, perhaps, saying so much as might be, if our Kipling were a Frenchman. He is not so good as Maupassant, but then, Maupassant, if he were living to-day, would be the best short-story writer in the world.

THE VOICE OF PEACE. By Gilbert Thomas. 2s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

This is Mr. Gilbert Thomas's third volume of poems, and it has all the qualities that gave charm and distinction to the earlier two. They are not qualities of showiness or loudness; he does not try to startle you by disguising trite thoughts in eccentric metres or affectations of extravagant phrase; he does not aim at loud or gaudy effects by choosing themes that are squalid, sensational or bizarre. He gives his thought the simplest possible expression and the unpretentious beauty, the human tenderness, the grace and natural harmony of his verses are as far removed from the self-conscious vapourings and posturings of some of our noisy, much-vaunted little latter day bards as the delicate music of a violin is from the insistent rattle of the triangle and the drum. Mr. Thomas walks in the ways of common men and finds his inspiration by the roadside. He passes a pavement

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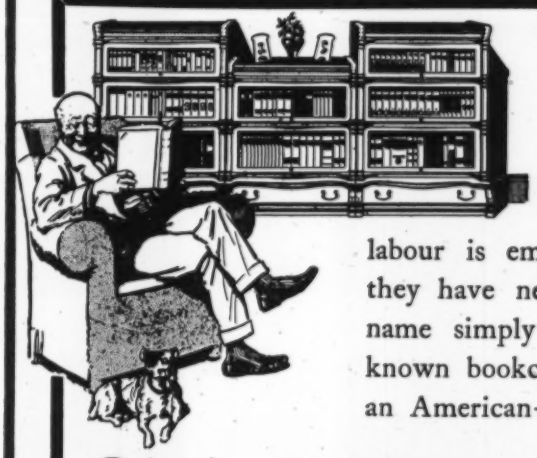

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